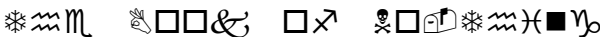


ZERO = INFINITY

THE BOOK OF NO-THING

ATON OMEGA

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INTRODUCTION:

ZERO = INFINITY

(Pssst... For legal purposes, this book is really written by John-Forrest Bamberger. He is a strange and seclusive guy and prefers to hide behind the claimed identity of Aton Omega. He doesn't want you to rip this off, so please note that this book is:)

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CREATION

This is a Story that has never begun.
This is a Story that will never end.

This entire universe is but a dream of the Original Mind. The Original Mind became lost in its own dream, forgetting who It was in the process. It became identified with innumerable sub-selves in Its search to wake up from Its own dream. The more It clung to these sub-selves, the more complete It's forgetting became. Finally It forgot that It forgot, taking the dreams of these sub-selves for reality.

It deliberately chose to do this, knowing very well what would happen. It wanted to make things interesting. After all, the higher the stakes appear to be, the more thrilling it is.

Each sub-self would be threatened with ultimate dissolution, which made things very frightening. Each sub-self would be programmed to resist this dissolution with all the energy it had available. Knowing it could not ultimately avoid this horrendous inevitable, it was also programmed to leave behind some copy of itself in one form or another. This was particularly manifested in the phenomena called "life".

Life became increasingly complex and self-aware through a process called "evolution". Eventually it evolved a kind of self-aware intelligence through which it developed some vary elaborate and specialized sub-selves which maintained a collective arrangement called "society". These societies themselves went through stages of evolution. The more intelligent and self-aware among these sub-selves felt that something was missing even in the midst of comfortable settings. They asked questions such as: "Why?", "What are we doing here?", or "How did this all come into existence?"

How would the Original Mind find Its way out of this Maze of Illusions? What is the Answer to this Riddle? It could not simply give Itself the Answer because It deliberately chose to forget. So It was going to have to find Its way out by going through a lot of struggles and difficulties that appear to be very real at the time. The irony of it is the more It struggles, the more lost It becomes. If It just took it easy, It would see that there is nothing to struggle for.

Whatever you choose to believe is real for you at the time. These words did not come into existence for you until your eyes wandered over them. Reality is what you choose it to be. Yet there seem to be certain parameters that don't seem to change. The Cosmic Mind had it planned that way.

Mind can be reduced to matter. Matter can be sublimated into mind. Matter can be converted into energy. Mind can be traced to energetic impulses (in the brain or a computer). Consciousness arises from mind. Thus matter-energy can be converted into mind-consciousness. What we take to be "dead" matter is actually conscious in a very primordial way.

There is an equivalence between sheer space and the matter-energy-mind-consciousness continuum. Thus there is a consciousness existing in the void.

There is a consciousness underlying the entire universe. Each individual consciousness is a part of this universal consciousness.

If you can experience this and not merely intellectualize it, you are really onto something.

The Void is the Root of All That Is.

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(Infinite Nowness... The Void thunders all around in Awesome Silence... Something is trying so hard to be...)

The state of satisfaction the original atom has of becoming a complete entity in itself is not to last very long. Because dissatisfaction is programmed into the very nature of things, the atom becomes a bit restless. It contemplates the surrounding Void which threatens to destroy it. What a precarious state of existence this is.

What it needs is more atoms. Yes, that would do it! It immediately goes about making copies of itself, each of the three forces reproducing themselves to split into numerous uncountable fragments. The positive, negative, and neutral fragments will sort themselves out into more atoms.

These particle/forces are very restless. There is a restlessness in the very essence of the surrounding Void. Waves stir in the No-Thing stirring up forces upon forces. The forces are waves and particles simultaneously. They quickly sort themselves into positive, negative, and neutral-catalytic. Quickly will the more subtle coalesce into the more tangible.

This is a rather intense moment. In virtually an instant which lasts forever and ever, greater and greater numbers of the three forces expand within a non-local infinitely tiny point. Each new fragment in turn generates innumerable fragments, stirring waves in more and more unstable patterns, churning a vast Cosmic Maelstrom in the Oceanic No-Thing, creating massive amounts of somethings from the infinitely tiny point which has no locality at all (there being no locality to pinpoint it at).

It does not take long before they are all rather uncomfortable being confined in such a tiny non-local point in the midst of the infinite Void. They need to expand. So they all mutually agree to have a... a...

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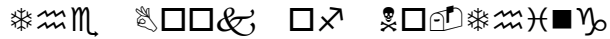
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THE EVOLUTION OF MATTER

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sub-atomic particles at one end of the scale and the local clump of galaxies at the other. (Yes, it goes further - there are particles within the particles each a universe unto itself - and the entire universe is but a mere atom in something far, far larger!)

The Cosmic Mind experiences all this with satisfaction and finds that it is good. This program is working very well.

Meanwhile, while this is all going on, which has been going on since the whole thing began, a very interesting thing has been unfolding all along: Each new entity which forms, whether it be as tiny as an atom or as large as a galaxy, acquires an identity. This identity is a crude kind of ego (the esoteric meaning of the word "I"). The ego believes it is limited to the form it developed in and stays that way from sheer force of habit. It is impossible for the ego to even consider that it is anything other than its own limited viewpoint in the realm of dimensional reality. When one particular entity is absorbed by another larger entity, the original ego simply fuses with the larger one (i.e., the esoteric meaning of the word "we"). Or if the entity is dissolved, the ego simply ceases to be, which is a horrible thing to it, because it cannot conceive of being anything else than what it is.

The Cosmic Mind is in the background of this all along, what the ego considers to be the "Void" (which is actually quite otherwise). The Cosmic Mind is also each ego that is born or dies, becoming the egos within all entities. Then it directs the further evolution of the universe from within the universe.

At each such juncture, the Cosmic Mind forgets that it is All That Is and comes to identify with each particular ego - as well as with the "I" of the universe.

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THE BEGINNING OF TIME

With the arising of the dissatisfaction which gives rise to the universe and its myriad forms, comes the sense of time. Time comes about due to a sense of coming from one place and going to another. If one were not going anywhere at all, there would be no time. The feeling of dissatisfaction with what there is forces one to want to do something to go somewhere else or do something else. One is then constantly evaluating how close one is to achieving some kind of satisfaction. An entity may go so far as to set some kind of deadline for achieving this satisfaction, and thus there is a sense of being trapped by time. Of course, there is the ultimate dissolution of any given entity to contend with, which certainly leads to this need for deadlines. You better grab all you can before the big Death-Day comes.

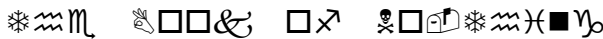
At the initial stages, the sense of time is very distorted and a-chronological. It is very muddled and primal. There is simply a drive that one must go towards something, but one doesn't know quite what it is. There is no clear-cut plan. In the early stages, the sense of time is a bit like one of us who is extremely drunk, drugged, or a state of sleep-walking, swaggering around to God knows what. Memories are confused and their order is mixed up. Things simply react to current circumstances, sensing what is good for perpetuation and what is not.

It begins with no plan, but becomes gradually more planned as we go along.

Please remember this abstract personification of the Cosmic Mind is misleading; that is simply a easier way to convey it to the human mind-frame. The Cosmic Mind is not some person, some separate entity more gigantic than all other entities.

The Cosmic Mind is no entity at all. It is at the root of the existence of all entities. Yet It is no-one, no-thing.

It is All-One, with neither end nor beginning, with no boundaries whatsoever, endlessly creating endless universes.



ORDER VS. CHAOS

Once upon a time, Order and Chaos were one...
Then they split into two...
And went their own separate ways.
Order became Life...
And Chaos became Death.
Order became Positive...
And Chaos became Negative...
Order is Peace.
Chaos is War.
Order became Female...
And Chaos became Male...
Although they occasionally exchanged roles...
Just to spice things up.

How strange it is!
What was once one...
Is now in constant struggle with itself.
When Order becomes too orderly...
It becomes Chaos.
When Chaos becomes too chaotic...
It becomes Order.

This entire universe is a kind of Orderly Chaos...
Or it is Chaotic Order.
Take your pick...
It all means the same.
Never satisfied with what is...
It swings from one extreme to the other.

Life appears so geometric in its patterns...
Yet it is never perfect...
The imperfections in the perfection...
Are what gives it such beauty.

A mountain is never perfectly rounded...
Nor is it ever a perfect pyramid...
Yet it is so close.
Spheres in space seem so smooth from afar...
Yet nearby the roughness becomes manifest.

The single mole on her breast...
Gives her such astounding loveliness!
The single wormhole in the apple...
Makes it so delicious!

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LET THERE BE LIGHT!

A giant clump of matter spirals in space. It circles around the vaster clump of matter, the galaxy. It makes it feel secure to be a part of this galaxy. It would be terrified to be out there in the Void between the galaxies. God knows what is out there! (Maybe God is out there.) (And perhaps God is in here, too.)

Within this giant clump of matter, there is a central clump within it. The giant clump spins around this central clump. It is good to have some kind of center. If it were not for this center, there would be chaos, and chaos is too much like dissolution, which all matter resists.

The central clump spins round and round like a giant top. So far, so good, but something is not quite enough (as usual). Maybe it's supposed to be doing something else. It becomes more solidified, which sets it apart a little bit and makes the various atoms within feel more secure. Now it's getting a little more individualized. Besides, all the other giant clumps in the galaxy are doing it, too.

But this solidification is not quite enough (as usual). It compresses itself harder and harder. This feels good, so it keeps compressing and tightening up even more intensively. That feels even better. It draws more matter from the surrounding spiral into it to have more to work with. It doesn't quite know what's going on, but it likes it and does it with more and more energy. And grunting and panting and tightening up more and more, it begins to:

SHINE! SHINE! SHINE!

Ah, yes! This is what it wanted to do all along! Countless explosions within go on and on. It's converting its matter into seemingly infinite energy. It packs its nuclei shed of electrons tighter and tighter, like a jester playing on an accordion. It packs them so tightly, they become transformed into heavier elements, and it gives off so much light, it shines. It grins its light on the rest of the giant clump that is now its domain. It gives off light and warmth. It gets the rest of the system going. Spheres circling in the curved space around it bask in the warmth and appreciate this great fire in the sky.

One by one, other giant clumps we call stellar systems catch on and do the same thing. This galaxy and countless other galaxies get all lit up. They pass it on to the next galaxy. This is the new fashion - to shine like an angel!

This light is certainly comforting. Now we'll light up the Void of space for good. With light, we shall conquer the universe!

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SONG OF THE GALAXY

I am the Galaxy!
Many, many stars and worlds are contained within Me!
I am huge and magnificent!
I am the birthplace of multiple lifeforms!
Many kinds of intelligence I grow!
Powerful are my ever-turning spirals!
From the Original Explosion which gave Birth to Me...
I spin ever onwards...
In My journey through Infinity!
I am the Song of the Cosmos!

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$$\Phi = 25$$

$$0 = \infty$$



There are some atoms of some elements who are hermits. These are the oddballs, the loners of the universe. The amount of electrons they have in their outer shell is just right for them. Helium, neon, argon, krypton, and xenon are like this. They prefer not to interact with the other elements. Happily, they drift through the vastness of the Void, in a state of blissful changelessness. They have reached the height of evolution for themselves.

With sufficient time, however, and the Mind of the Universe is infinitely patient, clouds of hydrogen (the original primal atom) and helium can coalesce into vast stars. Forces of gravity are so intense, they huddle up closer and closer to one another until they cannot stand the pressure. The pressure forces them to change into something they were not originally. Every three helium atoms are fused together to become another element altogether: Oxygen.

Then the stellar alchemist creates in its brilliant cauldron another interesting element: Nitrogen. This atom forms some interesting attachments to oxygen, carbon, and hydrogen, bringing them together as a cosmic matchmaker.

And the fusion keeps the stars shining for billions of years until they are ready to explode.

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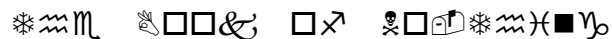
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The root of water is fire.
The root of war is peace.
The root of male is female.
And the root of female is male.
The root of chaos is order.
And the root of order is chaos.
Verily, this is the Way of the Universe!

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$0 = \infty$



COMPETITION

With the arising of separate entities, there is competition. One entity would like to preserve its integrity longer than the entity next door, so if conditions change so that one entity has the advantage over the one next door, then all the better. But there is a catch (as there usually is in a finite universe). The entity next door may not approve of what that entity is doing, so it would be to its advantage not to allow that entity to have the advantage. Instead, it creates its own advantage. And if its own advantage happens to cause its next door neighbor to become dissolved, then that's just too bad. So they struggle with one another for who gets the advantage. Thus there is competition and thus there is war. And thus endless complications arise.

The Cosmic Mind is somewhat perplexed by this dilemma. Because competition is an unpleasant factor indeed in this particular attempt (among others) at a perfect universe, the Cosmic Mind would like to eliminate it altogether. But this damned bug in the program always seems to keep popping up sooner or later; there just doesn't seem to be any way around it.

But little do the entities know is that by competing with one another on one level, they are actually cooperating with one another on a higher level. They are helping one another evolve. They are making sure no one ever gets it all. They are making sure that no one can get the upper hand indefinitely. For if that were to occur, there would be a horrendous imbalance and the whole she-bang would go out of whack like a misshapen wheel. And thus the evolution of increasingly complex, alive (conscious), and intelligent forms begins to arise.

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Tall rocky jagged-pointed mountains...
Surrounding a tall wind-bluffed cliff...
Overlooking this vast Vista of Eternity...
Wild oceans breathe water vapor into the air...
Becoming heavy clouds which weep with their rain...
Creating streams running into wide rivers...
Which feed the ocean anew.

Nobody made any of this...
No-one was born...
There is nobody to die.

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THE LONG LIFE OF A ROCK

There's really not much to a rock. It can be measured from one end to the other. It is composed of a mixture of certain types of minerals, which are the remains of other rocks which got crushed to and fro in the shiftings of the planet. It is not even a particularly neat mixture. It just got that way and fell into remaining that way.

The rock just sits still and takes whatever happens to it. It feels no pain or sensations. It is unable to see anything - it lives in a dark world of its own, oblivious of anything else around. However, it does have a limited sense of vibrations traveling through the ground or from other rocks around it, which could even be said to be a form of communication. You can bet that when an earthquake gets going, the rocks are very excited. It has a definite sense of heaviness and gravity. Gravity is the center of its existence.

Is a rock alive? That's a good question. It breaks in pieces which could be said to be a form of reproduction. It absorbs other rocks which could be said to be a kind of eating. It has a definite temporary form until forces destroy that form, which can be said to be a kind of death. A rock could be sitting around for millions of years, just biding its time away - until another rocks rumbles from a nearby landslide and cruelly crushes it - thus putting an end to its existence. Even the stones do not live forever.

The essence of a rock or solid inorganic matter is sheer inertia. It is just barely conscious - maybe where we are when we're fast asleep. The rock is the Archetypal Couch Potato - just the most remote buzz of existence humming in its molecules. That bare consciousness is not really conscious of anything except its own being. Rocks simply don't exert any energy whatsoever, taking whatever happens. In a funny way, they are lucky because they don't feel driven to do anything. However, it's such a low level of consciousness, it eventually becomes rather boring to be that way, and matter simply has to evolve somewhere beyond this stage. Matter remains in this state for a very long time, though its sense of time is a little different from ours. Years are like seconds, centuries are like minutes, eons are lifetimes.

Let us delve now into the life of a rock:



Water is alive. It was originally born in the fusing of airy elements released by an exploding volcano.

Water is utterly flexible. It can fit into any container you fit it in. It responds immediately to all vibrations around it with waves.

It is this dynamic, vibrant, and flexible character which makes water so perfect for the primary ingredient of life. Born of fiery yang, it is the complementary yin which soothes and comforts.

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SONG OF THE WAVES

We are the waves. Ever we churn and ever we pound the shores, polishing and grinding the stones into sand. We take a deep breath inwards and rise. We hold our breath as long as we can, rising ever higher. For that split second, we have reached the zenith of our form. Then we let out a long sigh and allow ourselves to fall and crash into the earth. Ah, that was so nice!

Let's do it again! And once more, we breathe inwards and upwards, resisting the forces that would pull us down. If we could only hold that beautiful crest forever! But it is not to be. In the end, we always fall and climb upon the shores reaching as high as we can. The centuries pass and we battle with the land, hurling ourselves at full speed to knock down the cliffs, to round out the jagged edges. This is our way of stroking the face of our mother the earth who spins us around in circles.

When shrill winds of the furious hurricanes blow, we lift up our crests and use them as sails. O how high we rise! How powerful we are! No barrier can hold us back! We travel far up the wide rivers that feed us. Now we are the source of all water!

The moon is our secret lover. At night, when she is full and high above us, we rise ever higher, attempting to touch her face with the tips of our crests. We are colored with silver shiny slime of our efforts. We heave and ho in synchrony with her magnificent madness!

THE GRAND PROCESSION OF LIFE

$$0 = \infty$$

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE

It is around this stage that the Cosmic Mind decides it would be a good idea to have some life. Playing around with things like rocks and planets and gases and crystals is nice, but somehow something seems to be missing here. They just don't have the right kind of autonomy the Cosmic Mind had in mind. What if we could have something that does the job itself and replicates itself? The Mind of the Universe thus penetrated into matter to induce it to become such a thing.

Life is a unique mix of chaos and order. It seeks increasing order and increasing power over its environment. However, the interesting thing is that a certain degree of chaos is necessary for it to evolve to such higher states of order. If life becomes too orderly, it tends to become stuck in a rut of lower evolution. It becomes frozen like the crystals. (It does share a quality in common with crystals in the sense that its form is that of a gelatinous crystal.) It is thus essential that chaos come along and shakes up the current pattern, although this may threaten the very existence of life itself.

Life evolves on a fine line between chaos and order. Chaos is mutation. Order is intention. In a funny way, they serve one another. First life develops an intention to evolve a certain way, but its current structure makes it difficult to stick to its resolution. Then mutation occurs to make the structure fit the intention. It can go the other way, too. First there is a change in the structure by mutation, then a new intention follows to fit the new structure. Perhaps it works in a cycle. Each cycle is like another rung up on a spiral of increasing complexity and increasing consciousness. With the boost in consciousness, intention grows stronger, and thus evolution moves more quickly.

A LITTLE DISCLAIMER

It must be pointed out that this particular depiction of evolution is only one particular line of evolution which occurred on a planet that we warm blooded intelligent primates are intimately familiar with. There are countless other planets, as well as other universes, with their own separate lines of evolution branching out in ways inconceivable to us. Indeed, upon this very planet, we see different highly original lines of evolution taking place on different continents. (Observe, for example, all the weird creatures you find on Australia!)

It is the drive of evolution to reach a stage where life is able to become aware of itself and the universe around it. It is this that all lines of evolution have in common. Once it reaches the point where it is able to do this and see the underlying unity of all that is, then the process is "finished". The form that life takes to reach this stage is not really that important or predestined. The form is only a stepping stone to what is formless.

It is not utterly impossible that an intelligent self-aware form could evolve from a rather large brained dinosaur. Or that some kind of conscious entity could evolve from a kind of gaseous life form. Or maybe a rock could figure out how to pick itself up and walk around, working out an entire philosophy of life. Maybe there's a world somewhere where multicellular life never evolved and some very intelligent oversized single cells came about. Or perhaps there are forms of intelligent photons residing within the core of stars.

Anything is possible. If the Mind of the Universe can conceive of it, then it can happen.

DESPERATELY, WE EVOLVE ONWARDS...

THE ORIGINAL LIFE MOLECULES

After a long interval of floating nebulously in space, being rocks and crystals, after being solid (earth), liquid (water), gas (air), and fusion (fire), the original molecules decide it would be interesting to get more elaborate. They go through various permutations and add more numbers of atoms. Some molecules become whole cities of atoms. Gigantic molecules have different properties according to both the atoms that compose them and their shape. They twist and spin in all kinds of wild patterns, resembling an ever-unfolding kaleidoscope. They decide this is a lot of fun and keep doing it. When they hit upon a pattern they like, they decide to preserve that pattern and make more of themselves.

In the midst of all this, there arise seemingly spontaneously out of the void a new kind of molecule. These are the catalysts. The catalysts are like diplomats that go around matchmaking molecules together that ordinarily wouldn't associate with one another. The catalysts are the dating service at the atomic level.

The catalyst approaches a molecule and says:

"Hello, sir or madam, you must be lonely out here all by yourself in the void."

"Well, gee, I certainly am. I've been floating around here it seems forever since I came into existence. I just can't seem to relate to all these other molecules around here."

"What you need is a complementary molecule, someone who would fulfill all your missing elements. I think what you need is a companion molecule with at least four parts hydrogen, one part carbon, three parts oxygen, and one part nitrogen."

"Why yes! That sounds like exactly who I've been looking for. Do you think you can hook us up together soon?"

"As a matter of fact, she/he is right over next door to you and you just didn't know it."

"Wow, that sounds just too good to be true! You have done a wonderful service."

"Oh, by the way, this is going to cost you..."

"How much? Oh, I'll pay anything!"

"Oh, just a pittance, you'll have to give up some of your hydrogen atoms and that silicon atom I'm afraid is going to have to go somewhere else to form into a new molecule."

"Well, I'll lose some of my basic identity, but I guess I can afford that. Anything for this beloved one you speak of!"

And the two molecules got together over an electron dinner and hit it off right away. They bonded that very first night they met and have been living happily ever after since in blissful matrimony. Last we heard they were taking a honeymoon in the nucleus of a mitochondrion in a muscle cell.

Meanwhile, the catalyst went on to talk some other molecules into getting together.

Things started happening a lot faster after the catalysts came on the scene.

The Cosmic Mind had it all worked out to be that way.

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Therefore we are all ultimately related by that ancient common ancestor. The cells, the plants, the insects, the reptiles, the frog croaking in the pond, the bird building its nest, the lion prowling for its next meal, all of these are our brothers and sisters.

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THE FIRST CELL

One day, the oily bubbles get an idea. Instead of keeping away from one another and fighting one another, they figure that it would be kind of different to have a big get together. All the oily bubbles in the local area would declare a truce and have a kind of “life party”. The oily bubbles spread the word. Other curious oily bubbles came to hang around. Maybe there would be something or someone good to eat.

As the oily bubbles hung out with one another, they began to notice a peculiar thing: Different oily bubbles had different specialties. Some were good for moving around. Some were good for making copies of other oily bubbles. Some were good for converting energy from the sun into oily bubble food.

So they figure: "Hey, why don't we fuse into one big bubble containing all of us? That way, we can share our different characteristics." Over oily cocktails and oily bubble hors d'ouvres, they sign a contract then and there on the spot. The only catch to this arrangement, is they'd lose some of their individuality, and not a few called their lawyers in to examine the fine print.

However, to the relief of all parties involved, the conglomeration of oily bubbles with different specialties was a complete success. They formed the first cell in the ocean. Of course, there were a few thwarted tries, when they brought slightly incompatible characters together. (There are some oily bubbles who just can't contribute to a group effort.) These anti-social characters became viruses and bacteria and algae. They tended to hang out with their own kind, though they did find it useful to form occasional associations with the cells.

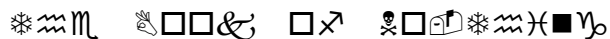
The viruses were real scum bums. They were something between living and non-living. When they were non-living, they were a kind of crystal. But when they came to life, they'd be nasty parasites going around injecting their DNA in other cells to make more of themselves, exploding the cells in the process.

The bacteria made the cells sick. There were a few clever ones, however, who made arrangements to get together with multicellular organisms to help them digest their food.

The algae just hummed along and basked in the sun making slimy ponds.

Well, the long and short of it was the cells did lose their individual oily-bubbleness. However, now they are a far superior organization. The cell can reproduce itself with special genetic material in a nucleus. It can grow itself. It can move around and either eat or make its own food. It becomes obsessed with its power; it goes around scooping up other oily bubbles into its being.

Once these cells came along, things really started moving along.



THE PLANTS WENT ONE WAY...

THE ANIMALS WENT THE OTHER.

At the very outset of the invention of life, there is a profound differentiation: the plants and the animals. They both have entirely different prerogatives or life-drives. They chose to branch off into separate lines of evolution. Their type of consciousness is very different. They co-evolve, each type supporting the other. When there is a novel leap in the animals, there is a corresponding novel leap in plants. Or it may happen the other way around - such as when the plants ventured out upon land, the animals followed soon afterwards. Indeed, the plants always come first, since the animals could not exist without the plants. Cleverly, the plants would find ways to take advantage of the animals.

Plants sit very still and settle for what they have in their immediate environment. They are not inclined to move around. They constantly worship the sun, taking light from this Supreme God-Star in the Sky and weaving it into food. They make both enough food for themselves and sacrifice some of it for the animals (for the animals enable them to spread their seed around). They have a profound connection to the earth and rocks, digging their roots deeply therein. Indeed, their consciousness comes close to that of the rocks and crystals, but there is something more vibrant going on. The more highly evolved plants could be said to be natural mystics. They are absolutely in tune with the environment (as long as there is plenty of sunlight, water, and fertile soil).

The animals are thieves and barbarians. They cannot help it, for it is their nature, so they are not to be blamed for it. Shamelessly, they steal food from the plants (unaware that they are serving the plants' purposes), and other animals prey upon the plant-eaters. The animals are able to move around. If they don't like where they are, they can always move on to somewhere else. They are highly restless, never satisfied with where they are. Their consciousness reflects this - very jittery, always going from one thing to another.

The plants come a little closer to what the Cosmic Mind has intended, although they are a bit too passive.. The animals are more fun and are more of a challenge. So both lines are invented.

FUSION: THE ANIMAL-PLANTS

At the outset, however, there were some interesting fusions in the single celled ones who underwent all kinds of weird experimentations - animals who sit still and grow roots, or plants that can make food out of sunlight who also swim or crawl around.

The Cosmic Mind could have gone on with this kind of fusion in more developed creatures later, so we would have green animals who lie around in the sun to “eat”. If there were not enough sunlight, water, or fertile soil, these plant-animals would then move on to somewhere a bit more favorable. They would had been a bit less restless, more inclined to take it easy, less inclined to evolve or invent.

It is possible they would then go on to become a kind of intelligent being, pondering upon the origin of the sun, creating ways to absorb more sunlight, building pipelines for water, developing methods for making more fertile soil. They would had essentially cultivated themselves. Perhaps they would travel to other planets when essential resources ran out, seeking ideal planets to grow with the right amount and type of star shine.

Actually, there are many worlds that such a line of evolution has developed to a certain point, then ceased, reaching a satiation point. It is even possible that humans may make themselves this way by a kind of fusion of animal and plant DNA.

Meanwhile, on this planet, the plants went one way and animals went the other, complementing one another in a Yin and Yang fashion.

The plants are feminine; their nature is passive.

The animals are masculine; their nature is active.

THE GREAT OCEAN OF MUCK

The Great Ocean of Muck seethes and foams beneath the all too hot star, turned on by its energy. Jelly-like molds float on its surface, spreading, stretching out tentative tentacles here and there, occasionally breaking off a bit to form another mold.

The mold of organic chemicals has developed a strange urge to be, to continue - it cannot stand the idea of dissolving into the terrifying depths below. It must set itself apart somehow. It must learn how to preserve its existence. But it needs stuff to capture into itself to do this. This need creates a great deal of confusion and invention.

A wave causes it to bump into another mold. The other mold needs the same stuff from that piece of mucky water that it does. The original mold tries to grab it before its too late. But the other mold got it.

The mold gets an idea. Maybe if it scooted over and surrounded the other mold, it could incorporate it into being a part of itself. It scrunches and squirms towards the other mold and surrounds it. Then it breaks through its boundaries and sucks it into its own boundaries. It feels satisfied with this and grows even bigger.

That wasn't too bad. Now it's time to slither over the Great Ocean of Muck and suck up other molds. Pretty soon it'll be the biggest mold of organic muck around. And it'll never have any more other molds to worry about.

Meanwhile, some other molds get the same idea and start coming up with more elaborate ways to suck up more molds.

The Great Ocean of Muck soon becomes a crazy dance of molds out to suck up their fellow molds. It even forms lovely patterns on the surface.

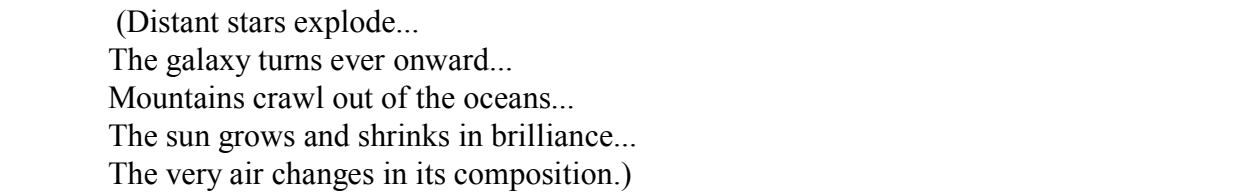
This is interesting in itself. But it is not quite what the Cosmic Mind had in mind. Let's wipe that and try something else.

(Once upon a time, after eons upon eons of indecisiveness, inertia, and boredom...)

No, slime molds conglomerating on the surface of the primordial ocean were not quite the idea the Cosmic Mind wanted to make a reality. The universe didn't come into existence just to stop with a bunch of dumb slime molds. There were more glorious things yet to come.

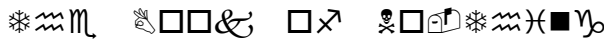
The slime molds themselves got bored with being slime molds. They chose to become organisms because that's what they felt driven to do. That's because the Cosmic Intelligence within them was goading them to do so.

They would do things like form into shapes. They'd grow into stalks and slide around. They'd ejaculate spores to make more copies of themselves. This is certainly more creative than just lying around in amorphousness.



All the cells in the organism somehow figured a way to cooperate with one another, rather than competing with each other. Yet, within the organism, each cell is an individual with its own needs. The cells discovered that by contributing to a larger being than themselves, they can actually further their own individual survival. However, in order to do this, the different cells have to become specialists. It's a little like the invention of human society.

There is a mind within the organism which directs all this.



THE COSMIC MIND HAS IT ALL FIGURED OUT

The Cosmic Mind silently works out a biological preview of what is to come:

Some organisms will fold shells around themselves to protect them from the other nasty slime molds out there who will have no interest in going further.

Other organisms will evolve such as worms who are basically long digestive tubes catching whatever falls to the bottom of the ocean. Some worms will get the idea from the implicit intelligence to evolve spinal cords around their messenger cells, and fins to help them swim in the ocean. Now organisms will be able to move around instead of being pushed around by whatever current comes their way. These would be animals.

Another class of organisms will do something entirely different. They will chose to stay put right where they are and grow roots and special ray-catchers to capture the energy of the burning orb above shimmering on the surface of the water. They will develop their own special organs. Since the animals will want to eat them all the time, they will develop special ways of protecting themselves such as having thorns or being poisonous. Some clever plants will out ways to actually offer the animals types of food to help spread their seeds around.

Basically plants will like to grow, while animals will enjoy moving around.

$$\uparrow = \downarrow$$

$$\Phi = 58$$

$$0 = \infty$$

THE FORCE OF EVOLUTION

Thus, begins the evolution of life wending on its merry way. Whenever a type of organism becomes dissatisfied with its current form because it is detrimental to its continuing existence, it chooses to change its form gradually through the generations into a form more suitable. Although the organism has the illusion that it is doing this of its own accord, it is really the Force of Evolution planted within it by the Cosmic Mind that was behind it all.

Let us look at the slime mold above. Initially, the slime mold is an amorphous lumping of plant cells hanging out together. Then suddenly, seemingly out of nowhere, the slime mold gets an idea: "Gee, wouldn't it be nice if we were more organized than this and developed forms that would enable us to just swim over to where we want to go? Think of all the freedom that would give us! And being a slime mold is so boring, too!"

Now let's not fall into the anthropomorphic fallacy, although in the process of translation, it's all too easy to do this. The slime mold did not "think" this in just those words! For one thing, it has no brain to think words like this. It "thought" in the vaguest of images and feelings. As organisms became increasingly evolved, the images become clearer as if achieving a better focus on a telescope (or microscope in the case of the molecules that made it up). Far later down the road, the images would finally become represented by words and then numerical bytes in a computer.

For now, it is more like a kind of seed-impulse. This desire is entirely unconscious or perhaps subconscious (same as barely conscious). This desire, if it is intense enough, has an effect upon the genetic material of the cells which eventually changes the morphological structure of the entire organism.

"Where did this seed-impulse come from?"

If you will meditate upon this question and go deeply enough, you will know everything.

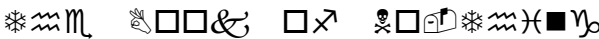
The seed-impulse that started that slime mold into becoming a multicellular organism is the same seed-impulse which started this universe. It is the Force of Evolution. It is the Mind within all things.

The Force of Evolution ordains that life will continually evolve into increasingly more intelligent, more mobile and adaptable, and more conscious forms of existence. All life serves the Force of Evolution. On one level, its own immediate motives are to survive and reproduce; it is utterly selfish and competitive. On a higher level, all creatures behave in a cooperative way to serve the Force of Evolution. The Force of Evolution is the means by which the Cosmic Mind conducts the Grand Symphony of the Universe.

There is no point where it is all "finished"; the Force of Evolution is destined to go on forever.

And, remember, it is all absolutely divine, from the grossest manifestations to the most heavenly.

WITH DIFFERENTIATION, ARISES COMPLICATION



ISN'T LIFE FUN?

On the surface, this may all seem to be rather utilitarian, but there is an ultimate purpose behind it all that is difficult for us to comprehend at this stage. It is as if the entire universe as a whole is a vast organism and each of us are merely cells in the process, simply carrying out our functions, having no idea what the Cosmic Artist is trying to do.

Life obviously shows a kind of purposefulness in the way it chooses to live as long as it can. There is no adequate explanation for how something of such a complex and organized nature can arise from blind accident. Even the fact that matter seems to go by certain laws is a drastic flaw in the idea that the universe is without purpose. Indeed, life would have never arisen had the parameters of the universe been just slightly different. The very fact that we are driven to seek an explanation in the first place indicates a purposefulness to it all.

If there were no purpose to this, this would have never happened at all.

There is a certain popular theory that natural selection works hand in hand with random mutation and genetic recombination. Natural selection means that those who are best adapted to their environment survive to pass on their progeny, and those who are not die out. The changes take place primarily through random mutation. Most random mutations are ill adapted, but a couple, so they say, happen to be favorable, maybe one in a billion.

It seems unlikely that life would have evolved at all with such a dim-witted mechanism. We'd still be stewing in our organic soup, popping our oily bubbles that way. Or life would have reached its zenith of adaptation a long time ago - There are millions of single celled creatures that are quite well adapted to their little niches; there would have been no particular reason for them to go beyond that - and indeed they're still hanging in there - while others move onwards to greater complexity..

A NEW SCIENCE OF CONSCIOUSNESS

Life is a conscious entity. There is a self-organizing principal within life. When life desires a change in itself, this desire has an effect on the structure of its form and its DNA. Its mind-desire affects its material structure to a new level.

There is a way in which messenger RNA communicates to the DNA what conditions in the outside world are like and the DNA changes accordingly. The DNA has molecular “sensors” to tell it what is going on beyond the cell walls and the DNA intelligently responds to adapt the organism accordingly. If it were forced to wait for a gamma ray to hit it just the right way or for just the right recombination of DNA molecules from different partners, it would take forever to evolve the appropriate way. It is not a one-way street from DNA to RNA to the creation of the proteins.

As multicellular organisms developed, this same mechanism transferred to that. It became a bit more complex. The messenger RNA evolved into specialized cells called “nerves”.

Evolution is not merely utilitarian. This utilitarian outlook is a cultural influence that only hard work is valuable and play is worthless. It is as if life were pictured as some kind of businessman or corporation seeking exclusively for some profit motive. Indeed, business gladly latched on to the idea of Darwinian evolution that life is simply “survival of the fittest” to justify their greed and selfish behavior.

Who can witness the hawk flying high in the sky, gliding with the currents of the air, and not even slightly suspect that it occasionally does this simply for the joy of it? Do you not share the ecstasy of springtime when leaves and flowers burst from the plants? Surely you do at least a couple of things just for the sheer fun of it, not because you are trying to “get something to survive“. Perhaps there have been times when you've experienced an unusual sense of freedom and happiness, and not just because you filled your stomach or gotten laid.

Life is constantly evolving to new levels because it seeks adventure. It seeks fun. It seeks pleasure. The spice of pain goads it ever onwards. (After all, isn't sweetness accentuated by a little bitterness?) It seeks knowledge. It seeks power. It seeks the bliss of existence.

It is an artist continuously modifying itself. Just look at all the varieties of different lines of evolution and you'll see what I mean. Have you ever walked out on a field on a beautiful spring day and really taken a good look at all the kinds of flowers and heard all the different calls of birds and frogs?

Life is the Mind of the Universe acting out Its desire to be, to know, to do, to feel. Life is God.

The essence of Life is consciousness. Consciousness is what drives it all. Consciousness continually invents new forms to become even more aware, to experience ever new intensities of experience.

You will never learn this in a book. No one can tell you this. You can only find it within the depths of your own experience.

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PLEASE BE WITH ME - I NEED YOU!

Fish swim in elaborate zig-zag patterns, sunlight flashing off their brightly colored skin.
Peacocks spread their feathers with eyes of God.
Frogs peep constantly in the spring.
Worms slither around one another in circles.
Dinosaurs fight and growl in the dust to win the egg bearer.
Wolves howl in the pain of their desire.
Deer proudly show off their horns.
The man writes long poems in praise of the woman.
It's all the same poignant cry through the millions of ages:

"I need you! I need you! Please be with me!"

$$\uparrow = \downarrow$$

$$\Phi = 64$$

$$0 = \infty$$

THE SHELLED ONES

Some worms grow shells to protect themselves. The shells make them very comfortable. The snail slides along the rock, licking good slimy muck off the cracks and crevices. When it has had a good bellyful, it can just curl up inside its spiral shell and take a good long nap, drifting off into the unconscious void. Predators may tap at it, but the snail is safe and sound. What could be more perfect security?

Or they may completely clam up within their shells, only opening up to have dinner, then shutting themselves within. Nothing can get at them that way. Currents of oceans drift them from one place to another. To voluntarily move about, they cut good long farts to jettison themselves.

Not only do the shells serve pragmatic utilitarian purposes, but they are fun to make. It is nice to grow and gather sand, then weld it into such a delicate pattern. The shelled ones admire one another's products and show off to attract mates. The colors are nice, too.

There are some interesting microscopic shelled plankton called "foraminifera". For each species, they have an utterly unique shell. The shells have all kinds of amazingly creative patterns and look just like little Christmas tree ornaments.

Get a hold of one of these shells sometime. Study it very closely. Become lost in the maze of intricate spirals. Contained therein, you will see revealed the Pattern of the Cosmos.



Skeletons of shelled ones lay upon the shifting sands...
Spirals within spirals curl towards the center...
Circles within circles gravitate towards the omega point...
Perfectly utilitarian and artistic!

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$$\Phi = 67$$

$$0 = \infty$$

THE JELLYFISH

Meanwhile, the jellyfish has nothing to do with any of this shelled stupidity. The jellyfish freely floats around, practically organ-less, like a drifting amorphous cloud in the sky. What a carefree existence this is, unbound to the muck of the seafloor, just flowing with whatever current takes it along. As far as food goes, you just grab it as it floats by. You spew your genetic material into the fickle currents and the wiggling sperms will hopefully find their way to a mate of your kind.

One day, the currents turn torrential. Waves on the surface rise high and hairy. The jellyfish is caught in a river within the ocean it cannot resist. Far from its original home, it is carried onwards rushing towards giant tidal waves crashing upon the shore. Into the air that it cannot breathe it is tossed by the waters like a helpless frisbee. It splats upon sand and rocks being pounded by currents of water falling from the sky. It spends a horrid nightmare until the hurricane and waters subside.

On the drying sand, it cannot just get up on its feet and hop back into the water, because it hasn't evolved anything like that now, but it sure wishes it has some kind of solid body. The wretched sun pours its ultra-rays upon it. Suffering and dying, it melts into the sand like the Wicked Witch of the West.

Maybe being a jellyfish isn't such a great way to be after all.

MEANWHILE, WHAT'S HAPPENING WITH THE PLANTS?

The plants are doing just fine, thank you. The slime mold becomes transformed into algae which becomes transformed into sea weeds. The sea weeds initially just float freely with the oceanic currents, then they figure out a way to grow roots into the rocks at the bottom. They breathe good chemicals for their sustenance through their skin. They reach out and grab beams of light shining through the waters.

They grow and grow all over the place. Animals take freely of their salty sustenance, but the sea weeds like this just fine. They plant seeds in themselves so the animals can take pieces of them and they can grow elsewhere. Besides, they love it when the animals shit on them - it makes delicious sustenance!

The sea weeds have a kind of collective consciousness that spreads for miles and miles. Thus, it's no big deal if a few of them get eaten here and there - just as long as the mass survives. They are all an interconnected organism.

In the high tides, their translucent stalks dance gigantically in the moonlight, reaching ever upwards for that great orb so near and far above. They have a strange affinity for the moon, which helped ignite the great chain of life so long ago - in those tidal ponds created by the gravity of the moon.

On the land, crawl the mushrooms and molds. These are weird creatures indeed. Their heads rather resemble the heads of penises, the original phallic symbols. They make poisons that are either fatal or hallucinogenic.

They are neither plant nor animal; they have a life of their own. They don't make their own food, but they stay rooted. Like worms, they like to live on dead stuff. They puff spores all over the place and have a bit of a population explosion. It is impossible to breathe without consuming billions of their spores. It is said that their spores could travel through interstellar space and start life elsewhere. Perhaps there is a distant planet of intelligent mushrooms which breed creatures like us for their amusement.

Some molds form a cooperation with algae to live on rocks. These hybrids are lichens. They are inextricably entangled with one another in an extremely co-dependent relationship. The algae make all the food for the fungi, and the fungi provide a certain protection from the inhospitable environments, the lifeless deserts initially on this planet. Their relationship works out very well; they are the toughest creatures on the planet. They could easily live on Mars..

The lichens spread over the forbidden environments on the face of the earth. Neither Siberian cold nor desert heat stops them. They can live on icy environments like Antarctica. The rocks and the lichens are so intertwined, they form a single entity.

This kind of inter-species cooperation is very interesting. It is as if the separate species were components of a larger organism. It is said that the entire biosphere is such an organism.

COOPERATION IS BETTER THAN COMPETITION

The fusion of what were originally separate entities into a larger cooperative whole is a basic principal of the universe.

The first such fusion was when various sub-particles (quarks, mesons, and the such) fused into protons, neutrons, and electrons.

The next fusion was the cooperation of protons, neutrons, and electrons into various species of atoms.

The next fusion was the cooperation of different species of atoms into molecules.

The molecules sorted themselves into elaborate crystals and polymers.

A species of molecule, amino acids, sorted themselves into proteins.

Proteins and DNA/RNA came to an arrangement of reproducing each other.

These coalesced into algae, bacteria, and viruses.

Different algae and bacteria (perhaps with certain viruses) formed a cooperation called a “cell”.

The cells specialized into different organs in a body.

Now, different species of bodies will form higher cooperations.

Always - cooperations will provide to be more advantageous than struggling against one another.

The worms hop to it. Some of the younger ones squirm delightedly this way and that way, and find if they can squirm just right, they can leap up off the bottom of the ocean! They find this enables them to squirm more quickly out of the way of something that might eat them and they can squirm over mountains of rocks and seaweed to get to delicious piles of undiscovered shit on the other side.

(Squirm, worms, squirm...)

They keep getting more inventive with their squirming, which is a kind of Australian crawl without arms. Then some of the brighter ones get the idea to grow fins. If they only had some long flat things sticking out their sides which they can move at will, they would be able to coordinate their movements so much better. This desire is passed on down the generations, and sure enough, one day a certain squirming worm is born with fins. Initially, the fins are short and stubby and don't work so well, but then they grow longer and more elaborate, paddles to enable them to swim better. To make it a bit more elaborate some of these worms get a tail fin which helps them steer their way while they paddle their fins. Yes, this is an excellent design! The Evolutionary Inventor is getting very excited!

(Wow, this is freedom! No longer are we bound to living in shit at the bottom of the ocean! Now we can swim!)

They get a little tired of being blind and bumping into things. That certainly isn't conducive to survival! And, besides, wouldn't it be so interesting to be able to see? They don't really know what seeing is, but somehow it feels like the thing to do. It's like something within them is driving them crazy and if they don't do it, they'll go crazier.

So they stick out some nerves from their brain to the outside world. These nerves can pick up photons. At first, all they can do is make out whether it's light or dark. As this gets more elaborate, they can make out whether something's moving in front of them or not. It's still a blur and unfocussed, but it seems good enough for now.

Would it be interesting to pick up sounds? They stick out nerves from their brain that can pick up sonar vibrations in the water. This enables them to hear whether something's swimming towards it or not.

They find that having senses is a wonderful thing. They can see and hear so many delightful things that open up a so much greater world to them than when they were just blind and deaf worms.

The worms are no longer worms. Now they are fish! Soon there are hundreds of millions of varieties of fish. There are little fish which eat single cells and plants. There are bigger fish that eat worms and trilobites. And there are even bigger fish that eat those fish.

(Eons upon eons of eating or being eaten...)

The shark, after preying on its meal of lesser fish, is dashed against the rocks by the stormy ocean. Then maggots eat their prize. The maggots grow old and die, providing food for

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the salty weeds that curl upwards towards the light above. Little fish eat the delicious weeds.
Then one day, a shark comes along and eagerly chomps them up.

The whole she-bang went around in endless cycles of eating and being eaten. Circles, the
Mind of the Universe loves circles. And the Mind of the Universe spoke, "Let there be circles!"
And the endless universe forever spins.

$$\uparrow = \downarrow$$

$$\Phi = 74$$

$$0 = \infty$$

O TO ESCAPE THE GREAT MOTHER OCEAN

"Let me out of here! Arrrgh! Let me out of this damned swirling ocean!" screamed the crazed fish, as it escaped one kind of fish that was out to eat it, as it pursued another kind of fish that was juicy to eat. Always escaping from one thing while pursuing something else in its never-ending battle for existence in this precarious environment. The ocean churned and swirled and bubbled, countless currents going every which way, as it rose and fell with the circling of the moon, as sporadic hurricanes stirred its surface like the Mad Hatter's tea party.

"I've got to get out of this place!" the ever-fearful, ever-enraged mixed-up fish mentated as he squirted out another load of sperm to impregnate yet another female. "There is no end to this vicious cycle of existence!" Somewhere in the back of his limited fish-brain, he had a vague daydream of somewhere there was no errant currents, a solidity beneath him. That would be nice - stability.

One day, he swam up to the surface where it seemed to be the escape hatch out of this way of life. A heated globe that was intensely brilliant lay up there, and he wondered if maybe things weren't so bad up there. With all his might, he swam towards the enchanting globe, and leapt out of the water! Escape at last!

There was a whole new world up here. Open air, high waves, such a thin subtle blueness above. The globe shone so bright it blinded to look right at it. Ecstasy, but all too brief. The sun-dazed finned one leapt and leapt again, higher and higher, in sheer enjoyment of this wondrous freedom.

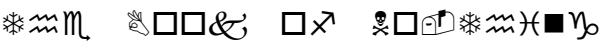
It was not long before there were millions of leaping fish partaking of this wonderful world above the surface. They leapt and gasped trying to develop new organs to breathe this stuff so thin compared with the salty waters below. Plus there were delicious bugs to eat up here.

One day, a leaping fish leapt and crept close, too close, to where the waters crashed on the barren lands beyond. A seed of curiosity became planted in its fish brain and transmitted to its genes. A desire to develop a new mode of locomotion developed within the DNA that determined its form. The DNA rearranged a few amino acid bases here and there as the centuries passed, trying out what would be the design of this new mode of locomotion. It had to go about this carefully and do it gradually - or the organism would die (and we can't have that, can we?).

The DNA considered this. It would be a good idea to figure out how to breathe this stuff first of all. There does seem to be plenty of oxygen for metabolism out here; the plants took care of that. Perhaps it could make sacs that would take it in and make use of it, putting it into the bloodstream. Initially we could have the gills still working while making the transfer.

Then what we could do is extend the fins a bit, generation by generation, and give them strong muscles so they could crawl upwards onto the land. In this transition phase, we want to be able to do this new mode of locomotion and swim at the same time; then we will have the best of both worlds. We don't want to just rush into things here.

So the DNA worked mainly on the breathing apparatus and locomotion apparatus initially. It also made a few changes in the nature of the skin to make it suitable for both land and water. When it was ready, it unveiled the finished product and started production. Unfortunately, there were a few flops here and there, and some organisms ceased to function. But after a bit of testing on the environmental market, the results were fabulous and there were



HEAVE HO UNTO THE GREAT DRY LAND!

Meanwhile, the plants are doing the same thing. No longer satisfied with being submerged in the Great Ocean, they are creeping and crawling upon the surface of the land by hurling their seed ever onwards. Some force drives them to do this, they have no idea why, but it feels right somehow.

They find this is not a bad idea, since the sunlight is so much stronger up here and the air is so good to breathe. Seaweeds turn into marsh grass which turns into dry land grass and ferns, timid at first, then grandly growing gigantic as they impregnate the air with new chemicals which protect them from getting sizzled in the sun by ultraviolet rays.

The algae crawl up the rivers and streams further inland. It is the lichens who make the initial venture; they are the first pioneers who break the solid rocks and create the thin tenuous soil for the grasses that follow. The grasses grow taller and taller and their blades become thicker and thicker until they are trunks bearing palm leaves and coconuts in the hot tropical sun.

THE GREAT DRAGONS

The water animals gradually wean off their need to be close to the water and through successive generations became transformed into land animals. Instead of slimy slippery skin they grew rough and tough scales and armor. They cut their ties to the water and train themselves to learn to live with little of it.

Perhaps there is a dry spell that forces them to do this - which forces them to mutate quickly and appropriately to be able to do this. They lose the need to gestate and develop in water and do this in big eggs. Their lungs become more capable of breathing more air. Their skin becomes thicker and can retain more water. Their leg muscles become thicker and they can run faster. Their metabolism speeds up so they are capable of doing this. They become more quick-witted and able to react faster. Their brains become larger to handle more inflow and outflow of information and their consciousness becomes brighter, albeit in a primitive way.

They grew bigger and bigger because the burning orb above was brilliant and gave off lots of light and heat to feed the great plants with massive leaves which in turn fed them while funny six legged creatures (getting unusually large themselves) crawled, swam, and flew, feeding on all of them. The land animals become carried away with gigantism. Bigger is better. It is a period of high productivity and there is plenty of resources around to do this.

They took pride and joy in their massiveness and in their ability to run, swim, or fly anywhere they wanted to go, even into the high mountains. And they became giants. Their roars reverberated throughout the earth. Verily, they were as powerful as the volcanoes are when they shook the earth and spewed out hot seething lava.

And they loved to fight! O, how they loved to fight! They challenged one another in territorial conquests and hissed and showed massive pointed teeth at one another and dug huge claws into one another's vulnerable bellies tearing guts out spilling on the earth (which the giant six legged creatures eagerly partook of). Night and day, they fought, growing bigger and bigger. Their power was great and nothing was there to stop them.

As they hissed and terrorized the earth, little warm-blooded furry creatures lay, nursing their young in pouches on their bellies, lay hidden in burrows and trees, observing the antics of these mad reptilian killing machines with horror and trembling.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EVOLUTIONARY PAST

There is no time. Only humans believe in such a thing. Time is an illusion of memory. Wipe out all memory, all traces of a past, and you will see that time does not exist.

We did not come from anywhere. We are not going anywhere. We are only here, transformed endlessly.

The whole scene of evolution could easily be experienced in a single night of dreaming. That's what it all is, a dream of agony at being trapped and joy of evolving to another stage.

Probably the reason why so many of us like to go the seashore is because we stare into the oncoming and receding waves and somewhere within ourselves, we remember. We remember the billion years of swimming around in the ocean being one kind of life or the other. We remember crawling out upon the shore gasping for air with our rudimentary lungs on naught but fins.

We also remember those Great Dragons and their mighty fights. Why else would there be so many legends all over our planet of such creatures? Why else would monster movies of Godzillas that destroy whole cities be so perpetually popular?

Yes, if you will penetrate deeply enough within yourself, you will recollect all of it. Even if you could remember the earliest stages of being in the womb, the memories are there. Remember how you started out as a cell, then become a fish, then a tadpole with gills, then a reptile, a mammal, a chimpanzee? We recapitulate all the stages of evolution each time we are born.

The process of evolution is within you.

THE GREAT TORTOISE

The great tortoise ponderously crawls onwards. Towards what, he has no clear idea. All he knows is he has to survive. The weight of the heavy shell doesn't exactly make for extreme mobility, yet he must carry his armor around with him. All he has to do is pull into his shell and anything that wants to eat him can't get at his vulnerable flesh within.

A pterodactyl swoops down and starts pecking at his shell. The great tortoise hides within his mobile home. Knock, knock, anyone home in there? No, I'm not answering the door. Please go away. I don't need any, thank you.

The sun is rather hot today and it is awfully hard to stay cool in this damned thing. Sometimes the tortoise wishes he had some central air conditioning installed. In the maddening heat, he stumbles on, trying to find some good food somewhere. He remembers there were some nice green vegetables with some juicy worms hereabouts.

Damn, he's lost again. This shell makes it awfully hard to see around. He crawls over a little way and...

Suddenly he's flying through the air, being pushed towards a new land by the force of the earth. He strikes some rocks below and his shell cracks wide open. A pterodactyl doesn't waste any time. It's babies are hungry. It swoops down and picks up his fleshy parts.

Oh well, another lemon in the process of evolution.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF BIRD-ESSENCE

A certain creature from a long time ago is sitting upon a tree. This is a creature that gazes into the sky with a strange longing. It has very good vision and it can see the wisps of clouds floating by so high. It sees seeds being carried along by currents of wind.

It observes the land dwellers crawling to and fro, bound by the forces of gravity. It likes being up here on the highest branch of the tree, and now it can go no further. It would like to be able to reach up even higher and it has no idea how to do it.

Suddenly a flock of insects with wings buzz by and it manages to nip a few just in the nick of time. Crushing their armored bodies with juicy guts within, it ponders.

Wouldn't it be nice if it could fly? Then it could have chased those insects and gotten even more of them. Then it could go beyond the highest branch. It could soar up and be companions to the thin wispy clouds drifting way up there.

In exuberance, it leaps off the branch and flaps its claws. But it falls and rolls around on the ground. No, there needs to be something more here. If it had wings instead of legs and claws, if it were as light as a seed, and if it had something that could catch the currents of the air, maybe it would be able to do it.

It mates and its babies hatch from eggs. The babies have something that look a little like wings. Upon the wings are feathers. The babies of those babies are jumping from branches and tentatively flying.

The crow soars high above the earth...
 Far and wide is its domain...
 Its telescopic eyes see a piece of flesh lying on the ground...
 It swoops down and nabs it...
 Its tummy full, it is carried onwards upwards...
 On warm drafts rising along the sides of mountains...
 How magnificent are the distant horizons...
 It is one with the blueness of the heavens and the clouds!

THE NEW AGE OF WARM-BLOODED LOVE

It is the New Age. The little furry creatures have come out of their tentative burrows, unable to believe the nasty scaled giants are gone (though they will be haunted in their collective memories for millions of years by nightmares). They are cute and cuddly and warm-blooded. Fruits grow on the new forms of trees that have survived the disaster, and the little furry creatures grow in size as they feed on them.

The furry creatures orgiastically and orgasmically insert their seed into one another and become transformed into many different sizes and shapes. Some are relatively peaceful and live in the trees. Some become herds of grazers on the wide plains of grass. A few make their living by killing and eating the plant-eaters. All are continually aggravated by the little six-legged things that bite and suck on their blood.

The warm furry creatures discover one thing the Great Reptiles never could: love. They loved their mates and they loved their offspring and they loved their own kind and they loved those who supported their own kind. Although it was a limited self-centered kind of love, at least they figured it out. Although love was somewhat latent and unconscious in all forms, organic and inorganic prior to them, in these warm furry creatures, it became conscious.

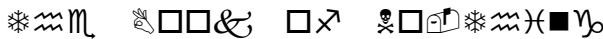
The warm furry creatures had attained a greater degree of consciousness and intelligence. They were able to change their plans, if conditions called for it. The stupid reptiles, on the other hand, could only act with whatever prewired programs they happened to be born with. Their senses became more acute and alive, and they were able to love perceptions that supported them and their kind. Thus, a warm, sunny day with lots of fruit and grain to eat or a female breast-feeding her pups (or enticing her male mate to insert his seed into her) was "beautiful".

Ah, the Cosmic Mind considered. Now we're getting somewhere.

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THE LUSTY BARD’S SONG

Oh, how lovely are thy well-rounded breasts!
The firmness of thy enticing ass!
How juicy is thy delicious, slippery cunt!
Seed hurled into the caverns of thy interior!
How wondrous thy inviting smile of bliss!
Our love is meant forever!
Generations upon generations shall emanate from our embrace!



PLATYPUS, PLATYPUS, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

Oh, how did I get this way? Here I am on the borderline between being some kind of warm-blooded reptile and a true mammal. I lay eggs like a bird, yet I love my children like a mammal. I slither on in this awkward body and feel uncertain of my place in the scheme of things.

And worst of all, I have this stupid duckbill. I must have been designed by an artist with an outrageous sense of humor. Perhaps I am an experiment in surreal juxtaposition of parts from different creatures. Who knows - maybe some ancestor of mine was spawned by a rat, a duck, and a lizard.

Yet I must maintain my existence through this lifetime as best as I can. I am a mad mutant who paves the way to another level of existence. What can I do but survive, running from those who would eat me, seeking other duckbills to mate with, raising my little duckie children, and eating whatever I can?

I sun myself by the water, listening to the frogs croak their love song to one another, watching the plants slowly grow and sprout flowers. I fall asleep, dreaming of monsters fighting in the sunset of another world, dreaming of the dawn of a new era of warm-blooded ones who will create a new world.

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Platypus, platypus, where have you been?
Platypus, platypus, what have you seen?
Does your silly duckbill go quack, quack?
Do your silly puppies go ack, ack?
Do you run and slither and quiver?
Can you tell me your dream of flowing on the stream?
Do you croon to your mate under the full moon of June?
Torn betwixt two worlds, you can go neither forward or back.
Will you lay a few eggs to make more of me?
And together we'll float together on a raft to the sea.

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The lone coyote has wandered in the forests for as long as he can remember. His life has been one long story of pain, terror, and exhaustion. He does not feel particularly sorry for himself or about this state of affairs because this is all he has known and all he expects to know. He does, however, vaguely recollect a time of happiness and bliss as a puppy suckling on his momma's tits. His momma was attacked by a troop of saber-toothed tigers one day and was cruelly torn to shreds. From that time on, he was left to fend on his own.

The coyote wanders among huge glistening jungle leaves, constantly looking for whatever he can find to eat. If he is lucky he can find a juicy carcass of a freshly dead beast, maybe a mammoth!, and join the vultures in the feast. He found something like that a few days ago, a mammoth that had tripped and fallen, unable to arise. The poor mammoth was being eaten while alive. But no one had pity. They were too hungry.

He is constantly being eaten alive by bugs. There are bugs everywhere and they never leave him alone. Ants march steadily off giant umbrella leaves, ripping off flesh of all creatures, dead or alive. Nasty bugs hover about him, getting in his eyes, crawling up his ears, popping in his sweaty open jaw, eating his genitals, and climbing into his fur. There are many who suck his blood and make him feel terribly itchy. He must constantly stop and scratch himself. There are patches of raw flesh here and there where he has scratched so much.

There is not much to eat today. As an experiment, he tries eating some big bugs, cockroaches three inches long. They do not chew very easily, so he spits them out in disgust. He does find that lizards sunning themselves on rocks aren't so bad. He'll eat any animal he can get his claws and jaws into.

He takes a dip in a cool pool. That seems to sooth the fiery pain of the bug bites. It relieves the constant heat of the noonday sun. He chases some frogs underwater, but can't seem to catch them on time; he just can't swim as fast as they can. He swims ashore and takes a nap, exhausted by the constant struggle of life. He never rests completely, though. Always he has his ears perked up at every strange sound. Always he keeps sniffing the air for something to eat or something that may eat him.

Suddenly, he hears a low growling purr. It is the breathing of the saber-toothed cats! He leaps to his feet and runs like hell. They keep chasing after him. He runs within the jungle to a secret hiding place in a cave too small for them. He hears them and smells their foul fishy breath coming down the cave. He waits until they get bored and chase something else. God, he hates those cats! He growls in terror.

Tentatively, he comes out and checks to make sure they're not around anymore. He takes a careful sniff of the air. Their scent is faraway now. He smells exotic flowers, birds, all manner of creatures. There is a whole world of colorful smells out there. Some smells make him hungry. Other smells make his heart pound in fear. Suddenly, the wind carries a smell to him that makes him feel very strange. It is a rich musky smell that affects his lower regions. His penis grows long and hard. It must be a female coyote!

He follows the smell, chasing it until it grows in amplification. He finally finds her. She is surrounded by other male coyotes, also with throbbing hard-ons. No! He won't let them have her! He must be the one to have her! He rushes in and growls at the other males. He snaps his teeth and bites at them. Saliva drips from his mouth. He gets into a long involved fight with another male.

Finally, the other male gives in. He lays upon the ground and exposes his neck. In dog

language, this means: "Okay, okay, already! You win! I didn't really want to fuck her that much anyway!" The other males back off and go back into the jungle. The female in heat looks at him in interest. This could be good material to merge with her own genes for more strong and secure coyotes in the future.

He sniffs at her rear end where that pleasant smell is coming from. Hmmmm, it smells so nice! There is a particular hole there that he finds very appealing. Somehow, it feels like it would be nice to get up on her and stick his throbbing coyote-hood as close to that hole as possible. Lifting her tail high, she sticks her rear up in the air while folding her front legs down on the ground. This helps things considerably. Hopefully, he'll get the idea now.

He puts his tip at the edge of the hole and pushes in. The juiciness of her interior is so wonderful. He slides it in and out, shaking all over in pleasure. A delicious sensation hits him trembling upwards into the pleasure center of his brain from his lower regions and he squeezes genetic material for more coyotes into her. Wow, he didn't know it was possible to feel that good!

Panting, he collapses and lays next to her, licking her all over in gratitude. He has fallen in love with this female, fellow coyote. He wants to stay with her forever! Most of all, he wants more of that blissful sensation he had with her!

Over the next few weeks, they hang out with each other. They find a cave together and move in. She proceeds to make the cave comfortable. They keep rutting, while she gets bigger and heavier.

One day, she lies panting and groaning. He is bewildered, because he cannot understand what is wrong with her. Is she ill? He has seen other animals grow weak and then lay still. Is that what is wrong with her? Her titties get bigger and bigger all the while.

Then little pups one night pop out while she groans and pushes, panting as hard as he does when he is pushing into her. One by one, new little pups come into the world. They are so cute and delicate. They suck on her titties and she lays giving creamy milk to them.

He must take care of her and her pups. It is what feels natural. He cannot leave her alone like this. While she suckles her pups, he goes out hunting and brings back pieces of meat to them. The pups grow bigger and stronger. When they don't need to be suckled anymore, both she and him go out hunting, eating whatever they can find. Then they return home and vomit up what they ate. The puppies eagerly lap it up.

What a happy family they are! After a life of loneliness, he has finally found meaning in his existence. This was what he was meant to do!

One day, they are all scavenging around. Then there is a growling purr surrounding them. They smell the foul breath of saber-toothed ones! They are surrounded. The saber-toothed ones move in for the kill. Only he escapes.

He hears the saber-toothed ones smacking loudly on their bones from afar. Those fucking cats! Just when everything was going great, those cats have to come in and spoil it all. He grits his teeth and growls in rage. He hates those cats. He'd like to chew them to shreds and pull their guts out! He wishes he were big enough to chase them up a tree.

He has lost his beloved mate and his family of pups. All that night, he gazes up at the moon and howls his grief. The animals of the jungle hear and identify with his pain. The coyote is howling the pain of the struggle of life, the maddening growing pains of evolution.

INSTINCT VS. INTELLIGENCE VS. INTUITION

Instinct is a self-organizing principal. It is a kind of unconscious intuition. It does not think about what to do; it simply knows what to do. Instinct is an unconscious connection with the Cosmic Intelligence. It can deal comfortably with the totality of a situation. It expresses itself in immediate action. Instinct rides with the flow, automatically picking out the most useful current to leap onto. It is constant creative improvisation, the way dancers make up the dance as they go along, the way a group of musicians take off on a theme. Humans probably enjoy lovemaking and war so much because they regress to this level that animals and plants normally operate on. It is a way of getting back to their roots.

Intelligence is conscious study of the situation. It takes everything apart into pieces, then takes the pieces apart into more pieces, etc. These pieces are represented by labels, names, words. Eventually, there are infinitesimal pieces within pieces, and at this stage, there is no hope of comprehending the situation as a totality. However, it is useful because it is then possible to revise the situation by putting the pieces back together in a new combination which leads to invention, mastery of the situation. Intelligence cannot grasp the flow, unless it resorts to elaborate equations or a computer which further alienate the observer from the observed. Since evolution and the universe in general is a flowing process, intelligence will never understand what it is all about. This is the level that more evolved humans operate on.

Exasperated with this situation, a new awareness or form of mind develops - intuition. Intuition is a lot like instinct, except it is conscious. When mind becomes aware of its connection and its unity with the Cosmic Intelligence, it spontaneously knows (rather than theorizes) what the whole picture is. One knows everything in the universe without needing to experiment and label things as in intelligence, without automatic reaction as in instinct. It is the source of all truly novel revelations. This is the level of those occasional geniuses, the mutants in our midst.

Undoubtedly, there are levels beyond this, which we as we are cannot possibly grasp. Just to speculate, perhaps it is to be the whole thing. This is the level of the saints and mystics. They see the Source. They are the Source.

There are hybrids of the levels above, ex.: instinctive intelligence, intuitive intelligence, intuitive unity. All borderlines are purely illusory.

THE PLANTS GROW IN CLEVERNESS

There is an intelligence within the plants. While the great reptiles climb over the wide earth with their thundering footsteps echoing off distant volcanoes smoldering and seething, the plants have been making conquests of their own. The ferns grow into huge tropical trees and the mosses slither around the bogs.

Then with the onset of mammals, the plants make a change, too. They turn into grasses and offer themselves as food for the vast herds of herbivores. In turn, the herbivores consume their seed and shit it out upon barren lands to make them fertile. They learn to grow spines so animals will avoid them and they manage to grow in the most arid deserts conserving their waters with thick skin, growing in huge tree-like beings. They learn to make themselves poisonous, so no creature will touch them.

They learn clever ways to spread their seeds: Some seeds are made with sails to be carried along on wind to new lands. Some seeds cling stubbornly to the fur of mammals and the animals do all the work for them. Seeds are shaped like boats to float on streams and rivers to remote shores. Each plant hurls out millions of seeds, praying at least a few of them will find good conditions to grow.

They find new ways to become fertilized. First there are cones and the coned ones are able to survive in extreme temperatures with cruel cold winds. Far to the north they grow, defying the glaciers and deep ice.

Then the plants get a great invention going: flowers. Those plants with flowers produce an uncanny variety of lovely attractors. They make themselves in all kinds of geometrical patterns in all kinds of attracting colors for the animals with color vision. They make themselves smell so sweet.

Animals are attracted to the smell and the honey of these lovely sexual organs. The flying bugs in particular come into a nice relationship with them. The flowers offer honey to bees (who evolved hand-in-hand with these flowers). The bees in return carry sperm-pollen on their legs from male flowers to pollinate female flowers.

Later by making themselves beautiful, they attract sapient ones such as ourselves and make us want to grow them and take care of them. Aren't these flowered ones clever?

Although the plants never grew brains and nervous systems, somehow they know what to do and have learned to do it well. They are well rooted and they will undoubtedly be around long after we are gone.



The seeds patiently wait. Their turn will come.

AN ENCOUNTER BETWEEN TWO MONKEYS

Two bearded monkeys encounter each other on the savannah. One is a stranger from beyond, the other has lived here all his life. They are both male. The one who has been here has a banana tree all to himself, a harem of submissive females, and a couple of willing male slaves to pick bananas for him. He is the dominant male around here and he isn't going to let anyone forget it.

The male from beyond is the mysterious stranger. He would like to have a banana tree, a harem, and some slaves, too. He swaggers up to the currently dominant male and tries to look tough. He gazes at the old monkey in the eye.

The old monkey takes a shit and throws his shit at him.

The new monkey exposes his rump at him, while smacking his lips loudly, then emits a nice long wad of fresh steaming turds right on his territory, being sure to fart loudly in the process. In monkey language, this means: "Kiss my ass and eat my shit, you old fart!" He makes a sticking finger up his ass gesture at him.

The old monkey suddenly belts out a loud scream. How dare anyone do this to him, he who has been the King of this banana tree for as long as anyone can remember. He keeps screaming.

The younger monkey screams back even more shrilly. He stands up on tiptoes to show he is taller than the old one.

The screams pierce the ears and echo off distant hills miles away. Other animals cringe in terror. Even the saber-toothed ones run and hide.

The rules of the game here are he who can maintain screaming the loudest and longest "wins" the argument. The winner is then King of the Banana Patch.

They do this for about an hour. The new monkey keeps looking at the old monkey in the eye, spitting at his face while screaming.

Finally, the old monkey looks away. His screams become hoarse and he starts coughing in a frenzy.

The new monkey has won. He kicks the old one in the balls, who topples over in humiliation. The old monkey humbly walks away whimpering into the woods where he will join a bunch of other male monkeys without mates.

The new monkey walks in to claim his new territory. A female exposes her red rump at him and he proceeds to hump her while other females pick lice out of his hair. Monkeys bring him bananas, stooping to worship this new king of the tree.

Of course, when his guard is down, another monkey will come in to dominate next. He who dominates always winds up dominated in the end.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST AT WORK

Once upon a time, there existed some interesting spotted antelopes. They were rather small and cute. They would have been nice to have as pets. The spots served as a kind of camouflage against the trees and bushes that were also kind of small at the time. The antelopes were just the right size to nibble on these trees and bushes, and they were perfectly adapted to their world. Happily, they could just go on forever and ever this way.

But that wasn't to be the end of this story. The trees and bushes decided they didn't like being eaten all the time, so they all agreed to start growing bigger and taller. The antelopes did the best they could to catch up with them, but the trees grew taller and taller, so that it wasn't long before the antelopes were looking up at them. And there wasn't anything to eat on the ground because some other creatures that look a little like groundhogs were eating all that.

The antelopes began to grow weak with hunger and many of them got caught by the mean tigers who had no pity for their situation. Many of them were cruelly slaughtered and were dragged away for meat.

A few antelopes attempted to stretch their necks in abnormal ways to eat a few of the lower leaves. By doing this starting at a young age, they did manage to succeed in stretching their necks at least a few inches. This only worked up to a point, but the trees kept growing higher.

It also got drier and the trees started growing further apart. What little grass there was left was eaten by all the grass eaters everywhere. Other animals developed in their ability to climb trees and eat leaves and fruit up there.

What were the antelopes going to do? Well, they certainly couldn't just die out. All they could do is the best they could in sheer desperation. Unconsciously, or not so unconsciously, they prayed for survival. They did not know who or what would save them, but they had faith that something would come up.

Within the gonads of the male and female antelopes, the twisted strands of RNA and DNA were well aware of what was happening here. A new design was called for here. Since they were running creatures, and it was their nature to run, it would be a bit too much to make them climbing creatures. Or flying creatures. Or, God forbid, burrowing creatures! As more antelope died out, this was definitely an urgent situation that called for drastic measures. At their wit's end, the Mind of the Universe within them, suggested a solution. Yes, this would be merely a minor adjustment!

One day, an antelope was born with an unusually long neck, about a foot longer than usual. He was able to at least reach a few lower leaves on some of the shorter bushes. When he grew up, the females somehow found him very attractive, because maybe their babies would be like that, too. He mounted several of them.

Sure enough, a few of the babies had longer than usual necks. And they mated together, and more of them were born. Meanwhile, the shorter necked ones either died or migrated to more favorable habitats where trees were not so high.

Somehow the urge to grow longer necks got transmitted to their genes that told the genes to make a growth hormone that would allow more cells to divide in the neck region in an elongated fashion. It was really just a simple redistribution of the growth hormone controlled by a gland in the brain. It was like reprogramming a computer on a few lines, piece of cake.

In the same way, their legs got a lot longer, too. That took care of the tigers, too, for now they couldn't reach up to them and all they had to do was give them a good kick.

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And thus the giraffes evolved and have lived happily ever after in harmony with their current environment ever since.

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THE PARABLE OF THE LONG BILLED FREAK

A little chick is so blissfully contained in his satisfying cocoon of yolk, slurping on that nice slimy stuff all around him. Ah, this is the life - he could just remain immersed in here forever. He sighs, rolls over and takes a long nap, while his frog legs turn into wings.

Suddenly, he wakes up as if from a deep dark nightmare he can't quite remember. His mouth is dry. Something is missing. He tries to take a slurp of yolk, but it is all gone! What can he do? There must be something more to eat somewhere around here. The darkness surrounding him, once comforting in a long past paradise, becomes terrifying to him. He must get out of here!

He explores and encounters a wall. Beyond the wall, he hears sounds of other birds cheeping and peeping. He feels movements of feet scraping the other side of the wall. Perhaps if he can break down the wall, they will help him. He pecks and pecks with his beak. No one taught him to do this. Somehow he knows that this is the way to do it.

Cracks form in the wall and bewildering rays of light come shining through. He has found freedom from the maddening shell, and the freedom is both exhilarating and terrifying. All wet and bleary eyed, he sees his brothers and sisters in the nest. They are in the same dilemma as he is. He joins in with them with their mournful cheeping and peeping which their mother cannot ignore. "Feed me, feed me," they all say. "Feed us for we are in a strange world out here and we don't know what to do." Their momma obligingly brings worms and bugs to nurture their existence. She just knows this is what she is supposed to do.

Most of them have rather short beaks for pecking at insects on the barks of trees. But this latest and last one is somewhat odd in appearance. He has a very long beak, like a thin needle, which makes him stand out so much, the mother is not sure whether he belongs with the rest. She looks dubiously at him, turning her head one way, then the other. She is trying to make a decision. Should she take care of him or push him out the nest as a defect? Unable to come to a conclusion, she feeds him worms and bugs with the rest.

As he grows up, he finds himself somewhat of an outcast from the rest of the bunch. The other growing chicks prefer not to hang out with him because he is so, well, odd looking. Their reaction is like us giving wide berth to the man with no arms and legs begging for spare change on the sidewalk. He comes to feel very rejected. The mother does not pay very much attention to him, and always feeds the others first. At night, she refuses to sit on him with the others to keep them warm. He has to sleep abandoned and cold.

When the chicks are big enough, Momma Bird shows them how to gather food for themselves. Of course, they first have to master the art of flying. One by one, she nudges them off the edge of the nest into the freakifying depths below. Although they have seen her do it, they are all literally scared shitless, bird droppings falling unpleasantly on the face of a muskrat below. But, ah, how wonderful the feeling of freedom when they flap their wings to break the fall and spontaneously learn to fly. However, Momma Bird doesn't do anything to encourage the odd beaked one. He has to make the jump himself.

When they land on the ground, the other chicks quickly catch on to what momma is doing, picking worms and insects off the bark, but somewhat this long billed one finds their actions very awkward with the sort of beak he has. His beak is in the way, out of proportion to the rest of his body, and he can't make the same motions as they do. Consequently, he is hungrier than the rest.

After this, Momma Bird abdicates all responsibility for them. In bird language, she

makes a sort of graduation speech to them which could be roughly translated as: "Okay, dearies, you're all on your own now. Good luck in the cold cruel world of evolutionary struggle. Maybe you'll make it. Maybe you won't. Hope you manage to find mates and keep our kind of birds propagating. And I'm not going to tell you how to do that. You'll just have to figure it out for yourselves." And, with that, she flies away to retire in a tropical condominium in the Bahamas, and they never see her again.

The mating time comes and all the male birds croon their song to the females to come mate with them. It goes: "Cheep cheep cheep!", always an accent on the third cheep which goes a fifth above the first two. This can be roughly translated as: "Fuck me! Fuck me! O please fuck with me!" It is their own unique species song, so none of the other birds of other species will get paired up the wrong way, though this happens sometimes. Some males belt it out like rap singers. Others sing holding each note long and gushingly like a grand opera singer. The females listen and carefully decide whom to pick. The song are like the personal ads of the forest. Then they get together and the male proceeds to do the species dance, cheeping and fly dancing around her in unison.

Tentatively because he is so lonely, he sings the species song, too. Because he has been so rejected all his life, it comes out very weak and quite out of tune. In bird language, it sort of comes out sounding: "I know you're not going to fuck with me, but I thought I'd cheep anyway." Even if some female bird, unable to find anyone better, comes to his call, she sees that ghastly long bill, goes "yuck!" in bird language, and flies away in a hurry. She'd rather go barren than mate with a freak like that!

And he weeps, and cheeps in bird language: "What am I to do? I am hungry all the time and no one wants to be near me or mate with me when I call the tribal song. I must be some kind of mutant! There is no place for me in this world!" He considers the possibility of drowning in a pond in despair. Perhaps it would be like being back in an egg again, surrounded by all that mucky oily water.

A season has come when no one in his bird tribe is having much luck finding any insects. It seems the insects have figured out a way to hide deeply in the crevasses of the wood by chewing holes in the rotting wood. After all, the insects have to make a living, too, and they were getting rather tired of this business of being eaten alive by birds. Many birds begin to starve and not a few die to rejoin their remains with the rotten earth.

The long-billed bird sees all this and gets an idea. This kind of idea had never come to a bird before, and who knows where it came from? From the void within his little bird brain, he does a simple projection analysis and out cranks the inspiration. He has a very long thin bill, right? The insects are hidden deep within the holes, right? So maybe there's a way to put these two together and find a new combination.

He tries this out to see if the experiment will work. He simply sticks his bill into one of the holes. To his pleasant surprise, he finds it quite easy to assuage his hunger that way. So there is a use for that long bill after all!

The other birds look at him in envy. After his own hunger is satiated, he notes them and digs out some insects for them and gives them to them. After all, due to a genetic bond, he can't refuse to share his discovery with his own bird tribe. And no longer do they reject him.

He becomes the top bird in the tribe. They gather around him and practically worship him as the savior of the flock. He has performed a miracle on par with the turning of stones into bread. Females become interested in him and offer him their bodies in exchange for food. He accumulates quite a harem.

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Many baby chicks has he, and several of them have long bills, too. From him, they learn to dig into the wood with their bills, and even come up with an improvement in technique - they learn to peck at rotted wood very rapidly, actually drilling holes to get at the termites imbedded there. This is certainly better than being dependent on pre-existing holes. As the generations of these long billed ones mate, they become a new tribe. Their muscles improve for more forceful hammering, they develop new feet for clinging to the sides of trees, and they make a slight modification in their species song: "Peep peep peep peep!"

And, to this day, you can hear and see their rattling jackhammering away at rotted logs. Once freaks, these long billed woodpeckers have found their niche in the evolutionary scheme.

THE INVENTION OF SOULS

The Cosmic Mind has decided that it would be interesting to have souls. Souls would drift from body to body, continuously being born again.

To add a little spice to the equation, the Cosmic Mind has made a new rule: Whatever something is in one form of existence, it has to be the opposite in the next form of existence. Thus, what is male in one lifetime must be female in another lifetime. The devourer in one lifetime must be the devoured in the next. The exploiter in one lifetime must be the exploited in the next.

After all, it only seems logical to balance things out. In this way, the Cosmic Mind hoped that the various souls would see things from as many different perspectives as possible. Perhaps this would speed up the process of evolution a little more quickly than before.

Besides, it's more fun that way.

Actually, the souls were implicit from the very beginning of things with the very first flicker of matter-energy from the Void of No-Thing. But back in those days, souls were somewhat vague amorphous beings, like the first sparks of a fire. Now you see them; now you don't.

As forms of matter gradually became more conscious, the souls developed accordingly. After all, the souls are consciousness itself.

Then when life came on the scene, souls became what you could call the “archetypes” from which different species arose. There were more like souls of a species than souls of an individual at this stage. When a species died out, the soul of that species went on to occupy the species which would evolve afterwards from that species.

There were also larger souls of a particular genre of life. For example, the vertebrates have one kind of soul and the invertebrates have another. The plants have a kind of soul entirely different from animals.

These souls have a lot to do with directing the process of evolution. While DNA/RNA merely directs the chemical makeup of the protein, it is the souls which direct the growth and shape of the proteins - and ultimately the species which differentiates from the initial fertilized egg.

As forms of life became more evolved and more individualized in their consciousness, souls became more individualized accordingly. We could say the souls develop more of a “personality”. This becomes more apparent when the intelligent mammals come along, and especially so in those sentient (self-knowing) primates called “humans”.

About at this stage, the individualized souls develop what we could call “reincarnation”. (It is important to note that it is not the personality which survives physical death, but the soul-essence.) The soul then goes from body to body to have different experiences - until it is utterly sick and tired of it - and ready to merge back into the Source.

Finally, there is the Ultimate Soul of the Universe - the all-pervading Consciousness of All. It is called many names by many traditions and cultures: “God”, “All-ah”, “Para-Atman”, “Tao”, “Great Spirit”, among others. They all refer to the same One.

OH, WHERE OH WHERE DOES THIS END?

Does evolution ever end? Has it ended now with us? Does it go neatly from stage to stage, as though set to a Master Plan, to culminate in some hypothetical perfect being? There are still single celled ones floating around in the ocean. There are still fish chasing one another until someone gets eaten. Reptiles and salamanders and worms continue to crawl and slither in the forests. The plants have no urge to get up and walk on their own roots. Are they ever going to evolve from where they are? Or are they perfectly satisfied? Perhaps they have found their own niche and have adapted perfectly to it.

For example, the cockroaches certainly aren't very different now from what they were hundreds of millions of years ago. Happily, they raid our garbage and our pantries. Stinky bacteria continue to reside in the innermost recesses of our bowels, gladly contributing to the sulfurous smelliness of our farts, echoes of the volcanic ocean vents they had for a home billions of years ago.

It is only natural for humans to believe that the whole world was made exclusively for us, that the world was made by some god or goddess resembling our kind. It stands to reason that we would believe that the closer life evolves to our own kind, the more evolved it is. We certainly find it easier to identify with intelligent monkeys than with some scavenging crustacean. How easy it was for our ancestors to believe this world was created by some big Man in the Sky.

It could have happened another way, though. Perhaps our ancient jungle enemies, the tigers, could have learned to stand on two feet and used their front paws to handle things. They would have developed bigger brains and learned to think. Upon acquiring this capacity and having solved their immediate survival needs, perhaps raising monkeys in herds for food, or keeping monkeys as pets feeding them the entrails of their kill, they would have set about the business of trying to figure out what it all means.

Their immediate conclusion probably would have been some big Cat in the Sky created them and the whole world was created for their benefit alone. It would only be proper for them to conquer the world and eat all the meat from the creatures generously provided. They would believe the felines are the most evolved creatures in the universe and evolution has ceased with them. The idea of intelligent monkeys would be science fiction for them.

It seems that once a species has found its niche, it tends to remain there. The only reason it would go beyond that niche is if conditions drastically change - or if some mutant comes along who has this inexplicable desire to try something new.

Such mutants are inevitable. The Mind of the Universe has programmed it that way to create variety, for the same old thing gets eventually boring. However, it's also interesting to leave the old forms around to create a contrast to the new forms.

Also, evolution will never end. We, and all creatures, are going to evolve further, whether we like it or not.

As these lifeforms develop increasingly sophisticated sensory apparatus, they are able to form perceptions of the world around them, whereas ordinary matter is dumb, deaf, blind, numb, etc. With such apparatus, they are able to make judgments about what would maintain their existence and what would not. Based on such judgments, they can either move towards something they find pleasurable and life-maintaining, and away from something they find painful and life-threatening.

As they invade environments that are increasingly challenging to maintain their existence in, such as from water into land on this planet, they become more intelligent. This intelligence is necessary to develop special life habits, i.e., instincts, to further their evolution.

With such increasing intelligence, comes increasing consciousness and awareness - and a dramatic increase in autonomy. They arrive at a point where they are actually able to change the environment around them, rather than simply react to the environment. They can actually create artificial environments and ecosystems. A good example would be humans creating houses to keep them warm in the winter or farms to produce food.

They become able to create mechanisms that enable them to defy laws of physics to an extent inconceivable to other lifeforms. They can fly across the continent in a few hours in a jet or go to other planets in rockets. They can manufacture their own energy. They can build their own mind-machines (computers).

However, even such sapient beings as ourselves, are still stuck in old ways. For example, we still are bound by our territorial instincts which are the cause of so many wars. We are still bound by our sexual instincts and old-fashioned jealousy, the cause of so much pain and conflict in our personal lives. We are still driven by an obsessive desire to be the top monkey in the band. Because of such bindings, we are often unable to cooperate in a clear-headed, rational way. We are schizoid, divided against ourselves.

Who knows what we have yet to evolve into. The more true free will we have, the further we can go. The more we can transcend our habitual patterns, the freer we are. This is the message of evolution.

Someday, we will be free of all laws whatsoever.

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THE EVOLUTION OF SAPIENCE:
A LITTLE ANCIENT HISTORY

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THE MONKEYS GET A LITTLE SMARTER

The weather grows dryer. The trees become more sparse. Vast savannahs stretch out as far as the eye can see. Great herds of antelopes munch on juicy grasses, while teams of lions pursue them.

Meanwhile, the monkeys have come down from the trees and stand on their own two feet. Their vision has become improved and their eyes bulge out of their heads. Their heads have become bigger to accommodate the ever-growing brains within.

They have become a bit smarter now. They can foresee the best times to forage around when the lions are not likely to be around. They can recognize the tracks of various animals.

And they can play with sticks and stones. Their hands have become increasingly dexterous and they can handle them in various ways. They have fun picking them up and pointing at one another, screeching in joy at their power.

Oh, what power these sticks and stones give them! They can pick up sticks and poke them down the nests of termites and ants, then lick a meal off them, the original shish kebobs. They can throw stones around in a playful manner, playing catch with them, making a game to see who can catch the best.. They find they can direct their throws in such a way that it hurts their predators, even killing them if they throw them the right way at the heads right between the eyes. They pile up stones as a weapons arsenal.

They find they can make stones do the same thing claws can do; by chipping at them the right way, they can make them cut through the skins of their dead predators and eat their meat. They screech loudly in joy; now they are the predators! They can even make sticks with pointed tips and throw them at the antelopes. Some smart monkey figures the sharp stones can cut wood. And the stones can be mounted on sticks to make crude axes. Now they can become predators.

Now the great cats and dogs hesitate to attack them. They are not sure what to make of these monkeys and their dangerous stones and sticks.

How smart these monkeys are! Discovery after discovery they make; and there is no end. One day, after lightening has set a tree on fire, rather than run away, they crawl closer out of curiosity. One monkey boldly picks up a stick and sets it afire, then finds that fire can set other sticks on fire, making a pile of them by throwing them on top of each other. Fascinated, the tribe of monkeys gather around the blazing bonfire. One monkey brings some raw meat over and tries roasting it; it tastes so much better that way! It is so much easier to eat that way! The fire keeps them warm, and they hang around it preserving it.

Later, a monkey finds that by striking rocks together, it makes sparks. The sparks remind it of lightening. It tries an experiment. It brings some sticks together and keeps striking the sparks over them. Eventually they smolder and catch on fire! The monkey bares its teeth in joy.

Now the monkeys don't have to migrate when the great snows of the north chase them towards the south. They can just huddle around their fire to keep warm.

It has been a long day of foraging and picking at termites with sticks in the ground for the chimps. Though these are not quite chimps, they are something else, they are not sure what. Their brains are somewhat larger than the usual ape. They have less hair on their faces. Their brows are unusually high. They stand up somewhat straighter.

The sun is about to set on the savannah. A chimp climbs up to a high ridge to watch it. It does not understand why it likes to watch it. Perhaps with its advanced color vision, it likes the

multiple shades of pink, purple, red, blue.

Its colleagues, members of its band, see it and come join it. They grin at one another in acknowledgment of one another's presence. They are very sociable creatures and like to keep each other company. They huddle close and rub their arms over one another's shoulders, picking lice accumulated during the day. Picking lice is how they show their affection and assure one another they are cooperative.

They all gaze at the setting sun in awe. The colors are incredible this evening. But it makes them a bit sad. The day is over, and although the sun always comes back, they wonder if one day it will sink and never return. The night, with the dangerous tigers and wolves and other predators, is beginning.

They look at one another with tears in their eyes. Then one chimp utters a long sound in a kind of hum. The other chimps join in unison. Like the birds singing their farewell song to the day, they all hum together on the same note.

They do this until the light of the sun departs westward and the stars come out.

On their way back to the tribal camp, one chimp looks up at the vastness of the galaxy above. For some reason, this makes him feel terribly lonely and he shrieks in terror. For that brief instant, he had seen into the bottomless pit of the Void, he had experienced the primal fear of the first particle of something appearing out of No-Thing.

His companions do not quite understand what is bothering him, but they empathize with his fear, and for this reason, they comfort him as best as they can.

FROM A DESIRE, ARISES A REALITY

Originally, I desired to be me.
 From the Void of No-Thing, I arose.
 I desired to have form, so I became a particle.
 I desired to become an atom, so I became that.
 I wanted company, so I created that.
 I wanted to spread across the universe, so I blew myself asunder.
 I wanted to shine, so I became a star.
 As a star, I wanted company, so I created planets.
 I wanted form on the planet, so I became a rock.
 I wanted to be beautiful, so I became a crystal.
 I wanted to be something alive, so I became an organic molecule.
 I wanted to reproduce myself, so I split in two.
 I wanted to become self-contained, so I became a cell.
 I wanted to grow and bask in sunlight, so I became a plant.
 I was hungry, so I became an animal.
 I wanted to be something larger, so I became a colony of cells.
 I wanted to swim, so I grew fins.
 I wanted to walk, so I grew feet.
 I wanted to fly, so I grew wings.
 I wanted to be free of water, so I walked upon dry land.
 I wanted to be self-temperate, so I became warm-blooded and grew fur.
 I wanted to bear my young within me, so I developed a womb.
 I wanted to grab things, so I came to have hands.
 I wanted to understand, so I grew a bigger brain.
 I wanted to be free of the environment, so I built a shelter.
 I wanted civilization, so I built buildings towards the sky.
 I wanted to become free of territorial impulses, so I stopped having wars.
 I wanted plenty for all, so I arranged that.
 I wanted to know the universe, so I sought knowledge of all.
 Always, I seek to become more than I am.
 Now I just want to be me again.

A RACE OF PRIMAL HUMANS

Now the monkeys are standing more upright. Their heads are larger; their faces are flatter; their gaze is more level. They have lost a lot of their fur and they have learned to wear furs from animals they have killed with their spears. When snows come blowing in from the north, they have nothing to fear; they can just huddle around their blazing fires in caves and shelters built from skins. They sing songs with their highly developed larynxes. Their tongues and teeth become shaped so they can make complex sounds which stand for the various objects around them.

“Ummm...”, says the monkey searching for a new word. The monkey points at the fire. “Fire...” The monkey wraps arms around his chest. “Warm”, he says. He grins: “Good”. “Fire... Fire Warm... Fire Good!... Fire Warm Good!”

And they find they have great power with this ability. They can point to an animal and give it a sound. They can point to the sky and give it a sound that means its color. They can indicate themselves and give sounds to themselves. They learn that even when the thing that the sound stands for is not actually present, when they make that sound it is almost as though it is there. They can even make sounds for the strange objects they see in their sleep.

Now they are able to talk. They can tell one another about successful hunts they have been on, about useful discoveries they have made. They can communicate their feelings, so that one can understand the other. No longer do they have to rely on body language alone (though they still save this for more intimate moments). The sounds can do it for them.

Not only that, they find they can draw pictures in the dirt or paint on the walls of caves with the blood of animals or the juices of plants. At first, they draw crude diagrams of animals, plants, themselves. Later, they attempt to draw pictures of the strange things they see in their heads. What power this gives them! It is as though they were creating their own versions of reality.

One of them who they consider a bit odd lives by himself in a shelter apart from the rest of the tribe. He draws a line around his shelter. He challenges anyone who steps across this line. They laugh and humor him about this lunacy. How crazy to pretend there is a line when there obviously are no lines dividing things!

It is from mutants such as this that the fall from the Garden of Eden begins.

FROM THE BRAINS ARISE IDEAS

Undoubtedly, you recognize these peculiar creatures: These are the humans, albeit a rather half-baked variety. The humans have developed a kind of self-consciousness (as opposed to Self-Consciousness, which we'll get to later). They are able to stand up on their own two feet, able to grasp and make tools and weapons with their own two hands, and able to gibber out words with their own mouths. Finally, they are able to think and imagine things with their own over-sized brains.

The interesting thing about these brains is they are much larger than they really need in order to do all these things. Like infants starting to crawl around, they are only beginning to put these brains to the full use the Cosmic Mind ultimately has intended for them. But we'll let them find out about that until later. But let us say that the humans as they are now, although quite smart compared with other animals, are actually quite stupid compared with the way they will be.

At this stage, it is no longer necessary to evolve by genetic mutation alone; the humans have developed the ability to evolve by getting ideas for increasingly elaborate inventions. Then once they get these ideas, they are able to pass them on to the next generations to carry on with them and make further elaborations on them. Mutation is now in the realm of ideas, i.e., blueprints for new inventions.

However, their stupidity will lie in the fact that they will initially oppose every new idea that one of them comes up with. They will laugh at the one who has the new idea, possibly even persecute the one with the new idea for daring to go against the status quo. You see, once they have things set up a certain way, it is difficult for them to conceive of things being any different. In this sense, they are not very different than the apes they have evolved from, who are extremely territorial. Unfortunately, this territorial tendency extends to the realm of ideas.

What usually happens is a few of them try out the new idea out of curiosity, then more try it out. They realize it was not such a bad idea after all, and they revere the progenitor of the new idea long after his or her passing away.

Of course, not all the new ideas are necessarily good ones. Many of the new ideas, initially exciting, turn out to be quite bad ones with unforeseen consequences. For example, when they use certain ideas to promote their strongly inbuilt sense of territory, many of these ideas turn out to be quite disastrous indeed.

AN ALTERNATIVE PARABLE OF EXILE FROM PARADISE

He and She strolled through the Garden of Paradise holding hands. They were utterly ecstatic and happy. Each moment was pure joy.

A lion came into their presence. She stroked its luscious fur, delighting in the vibrations of its purr. He got upon it and rode, while She led the way.

They reached a bower of flowers by a stream where the birds sang beautiful symphonic masterpieces. They lay upon the grass in the warm sun and gave one another pleasure all the day long. For dinner, they had delicious mushrooms and fruits which they picked right off the trees. Because it was temperate, they had no need for shelter or clothes. Because their minds were one, they had no need for language to communicate.

This was all made possible by the Maker. They were utterly grateful to the Maker for giving them so much joy and awe. Everything was so perfect and beautiful. The Maker saw to it that they had all they needed. The Maker created them because the Maker was so delighted in their happiness.

However, the Maker imprinted into their minds that they were not to eat of a particular fruit from a particular tree. This was the only rule, the only limitation in a realm that was otherwise free. The Maker stressed that should they eat this fruit, they would become very unhappy with the knowledge it brought.

One day they were taking a walk and saw this particular tree. The leaves were oddly shaped, like five-pointed stars, and the fruit which grew from its flowers had a peculiar multichromatic glow to them. The fruits were shaped like oblong hexagons and gave off a rather attractive odor.

She walked towards the Tree, pulling He along. She pointed to the fruit, and they delighted in the beauty, for they had never seen anything quite like it. On an impulse, She grabbed the fruit, while He held She back, gesturing frantically upwards, their sign for the Maker. Then She kissed He, darting her tongue within his mouth. Covertly, She had bitten of the fruit, then inserted it within He's mouth.

How utterly sweet this fruit tasted! They had never tasted anything so delicious in their existence. A wondrous tingling went through their bodies, and they felt as if in permanent orgasm. They ate more and more of the fruit, it was irresistible.

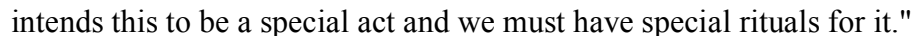
Their heads became larger and their vision became more acute. Suddenly they knew things they did not know before. They became curious about the Maker and wondered if there even was a Maker. They wondered where they came from.

They made sounds with their mouths and discovered they could speak their thoughts to one another which was much quicker than gesturing. They were able to name things with these sounds and this gave them further power to pick out more details. Whereas before they saw the world as one whole, now they were able to see the world as consisting of many different pieces. And they wondered how all the pieces went together.

Suddenly She said: "I am naked! I need to cover my body with something. If we cover our bodies, this would distinguish us from the other creatures here."

He said: "You are right. We are certainly superior to these other creatures. And you know what? I think I should wear different coverings from you, because I have this rod between my legs and you don't. That makes us different from one another. Perhaps the Maker intended me to be superior to you."

She said: "Maybe it is not right for us to come into union so much. Perhaps the Maker



"This is very strange," said He. "Before we had no sense that one action was right and another action was wrong, but now this fruit has enlightened us. Now we know better, don't we?"

And suddenly they saw the other creatures in the garden as their enemies rather than their friends. He discovered that by picking up a rock, he could made them still. And thus they discovered Death.

"This is horrible!" said She. "If these mere animals can become still, never to arise again, perhaps this is what is going to happen to us! Perhaps we should appease the Maker!"

"Yes," said He. "I have an idea. I will kill more of these animals and then the Maker will see how superior we are and make a special place for us after we become still." And He discovered better ways to kill the animals, which in turn, became afraid of them and ferocious towards them.

"Our life is so short!" said She. "We had better have rules about what is right and what is wrong in order to appease the Maker so we'll have a place in Paradise in the afterlife."

"Yes," said He, "but they better be my rules, because I am taller than you and have this rod between my legs, which obviously makes me as superior to you as we are to the animals."

"I do not agree," said She. "Can you not see I have the power of life and can bear babies?"

"Yes," said He, "but I have the power to plant the seeds for those babies and have the power to take you as I please!"

"You bastard!" said She, as He raped her then and there.

And they bore others of their kind and spread across the face of the planet. They killed one another because of differing ideas of what was right and what was wrong. They destroyed the very world which sustains them. And they lived in constant fear of Insecurity and Death.

And thus He and She had partaken of the Fruit of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. And this Knowledge brought them much pain, just as the Maker tried to tell them. Although they were in Paradise all along, they ceased to believe this and began to think it was somewhere in the future, a future they would never find as long as they were addicted to this Fruit.

Ironic, isn't it?

THE PEACELOVERS VS. THE VIOLENT ONES

Anyway, the story of the human species rolls on:

In general, there were two basic varieties of humans:

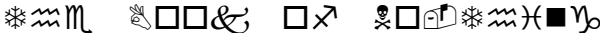
One set was more peace-loving and compassionate towards their own kind. These relied less on hunting and more on tending to the fruits and roots of plants. Somehow they took on the characteristics of what they ate; they tended to be more stable and rooted to the area where they were born. They learned to grow plants in one place and how to give them nurturance. For their meat, they learned to make friends with herds of animals and guide them where there was food for them to graze on. These humans were more dominated by their mammal-brains.

The other set evolved out of the type of tyrant we just witnessed above. They loved to kill and dominate their own kind in any devious way they could. They hunted and wandered far and wide for their food. They had no qualms about forcibly stealing food from their own kind. They saw themselves as competitors with other animals and indeed all nature. They were very possessive about what they had and took delight in constructing lines between what was actually a unity. These humans were dominated by their reptile brains.

The reptilian humans took delight in their ability to control and conquer, especially the mammalian humans who could not conceive of violence towards their own kind. They virtually wiped out the original mammalian humans, taking females for their own progenation.

However, a synthesis took place here of these opposing traits by the intermeshing of genes and ideas. So we eventually had a kind of human with both traits, some tribes leaning one way and some leaning the other. We may have a kind of human who is ordinarily quite peaceful and loving, but who will become violent and warlike if pushed too far a certain way. Or we may have a human is ordinarily belligerent and pushy, who sees an advantage in being more peaceful and easy-going.

This kind of schizophrenic ambivalence goes quite a way back in the humans. It would not become resolved until the humans learn to use their new brains.



Meanwhile, Chaos is snickering and Order is seething behind the scene. Chaos got a kick out of every time the humans blew it in anger, while Order prayed hopefully when they'd learned to live with one another in harmony.

Like chess pieces, the Cosmic Mind played them against one another back and forth, even going so far to yawn in utter boredom (this had all happened before, you see) pondering if this attempt at a universe was ever going to work out.

THE BIRTH OF PERSONALITY

Perhaps this is about the right stage to whip the cat out of the bag and introduce a new parameter in the process of evolution: Personality. The humans were certainly mixed up enough with opposing tendencies for it. Yes, let us give the humans personalities. The Cosmic Mind opens its Box of Archetypes (left over from previous universes) and hits them between the eyes.

As this unfolds, a very interesting thing will happen: Rather than simply identifying with one's body, as ego-souls had been doing previously, ego-souls will actually believe that they are the personality. And yet, like the invention of time, the personality is an utterly contrived thing. Humans will adopt different personalities which will interact with one another, reacting to one another's personalities as benevolent, monstrous, or just plain ho-hum. The personalities will be masks behind which humans will hide their true selves from one another. Indeed, it will only be a case of rare intimacy in which any two people will see one another as they really are. It will even go to the extent that people will be so identified with their personality, they will no longer know themselves.

The personality will be forced upon each person by society. Society will be unable to function without personality, so it will be society's interest to train each person to have a personality. Those who refuse such training or are unable to adopt a personality will be considered either heretics or insane. They will be treated as outcasts.

At the same time, personality will add a rather delightful dimension to the Story of the Cosmos. Hiding behind their masks, the humans will pretend to be more different than they actually are. Some personalities will blend into coalitions and other personalities will go to war with one another. Meanwhile, within all this, the Cosmic Mind will be having a jolly good time.

Yes, personality is the perfect spice to add to the pot at this time.



The tribespeople sit around the blazing fire, so warm against the furious elements all around. Shri11 winds howl through the bare branches of jagged trees growing out of face-shaped boulders left by the previous glaciers. It is colder and colder every night. Soon the deep snows will come down from the dreadful north. Every year, the deep snows get deeper and last longer. Soon it will be time to move further to the warmer southlands with whatever they can kill - or face the prospects of ice cold sleep death from which no one can awaken.

A woman among them volunteers to be the moon woman and acts out the phases of the moon. Then a man, who wants her to be his mate for the winter, steps up and pretends that he is the sun, who shines fierce and strong in the summer and makes the plants to grow. They dance around one another around the fire and sing songs about who they are. They give one another names: Phases of the Moon, Summer Sun.

A man who is quick on his feet and is a good stalker of the wild deer calls himself Lion Man. Another man who is slow and persistent calls himself Steady Turtle. A man who sits still and is disturbed by nothing is given the name Great Mountain.

After they have all given one another names, they come to the conclusion that this is a great thing indeed. By having names they can adopt the qualities of the thing they were named for. When they reach puberty, whatever seems to be their most predominant qualities will be the basis for which they are named. If these predominant qualities somehow change over the course of their lives, they can change their names. Their names will define who they are.

Then they wonder if they can take this a little further. They can decide what major quality their whole tribe has and give their tribe a name. They can make up names for the other tribes and thus set themselves apart from them.

Now that they've finally figured out who they are, they have a bedtime snack of deer jerky, and turn in and huddle up in their deer fur blankets to keep one another warm. Phases of the Moon and Summer Sun are rather noisy in bed that night; their gasps and groans go on until dawn.

ENCOUNTERS WITH THE HUGE WHEELED STEEL CREATURES

Rabbit comes out of the primordial woods, the brush that conceals its existence from predators that have haunted it for millions of years. He encounters the strange new terrain and does not know what to make of it. Should he run across or scamper back into the woods in safety. Then again, there may be new herbs to munch on the other side.

It is unlike anything his ancestors have ever been equipped to deal with. Hot tar lies frying on a wide length of road that stretches for miles in either direction. Strange metal animals run by, faster than even his kind could run.

The whole situation makes his fur prickle in confusion. Are these metal animals good or bad? Should he run and hide? They just seem to be minding their own business, though. They are not running after him, like the wild cats and dogs do.

He hops out in the middle of the road. A massive metal animal roars by, bearing huge rubber wheeled legs. The alien smells of hot gas and oil terrify him. It is about to eat him! Get back! Run! Hide!

He prays he can escape from its clutches just in the nick of time. But it is too late. One wheeled leg, then another flatten his existence out on this cruel trap.

More wheeled animals continue to smash and flatten every bone and gut of this unlucky rabbit. During brief intervals between wheeled animals, crows pick at his bones.

The skunks have nothing to fear. No creature has the sense to mess with them, because they'll get a good stink bomb in their face if they do.

A group of drunken teenagers, yelling: "Hey, hey, a skunk! Let's flatten it, man!" come pinwheeling by. And that's it for the skunk. "OOOO, it stinks! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

For miles around, people are repelled by the stink. This is the skunk's revenge on the civilization which has destroyed their natural environment.

Moose towers over all the animals of the north wild. He'll give any animal a good kick in the butt if they mess around with him. Gallantly he parades across the highway one night, migrating to his mate. A bleary-eyed driver wonders if it is a hallucination of the long drive, tries to swerve out of the way just in the nick of time to barely manage to nick the moose, but it is too late for the driver. He has a head-on collision with a tree on the side of the road and turns over and over down an embankment. He is pronounced dead on arrival after his long ride from the wilderness into the nearest hospital 100 miles away.

Moose merely suffers a broken leg, somewhat inconvenient, but he manages to get by. He limps back into the bushes, never losing the limp the rest of his life.

The priest, considerably shaken by this last threat, tried one thing after another. He finally came up with the sundial, which was better than nothing. It had a few problems, of course; it wouldn't work on cloudy days.

He commanded the whole body of priests to get hard at work observing the movements of the sun, the moon, and the stars, to see if there were any regular pattern. They did notice that there seemed to be some 12 or 13 phase cycles of the moon in the journey of the sun from its northernmost point to its southernmost point. They could call the sun journey a year and the moon phase cycle a month. Then they could make each day stand for a certain number in each month. Now it was possible to set dates with someone. And the sun-dial would be the way to tell time during the day.

The king had a lot of fun with telling people to show up at a certain date on a certain time. Sometimes he did this just to make them fearful and if anyone showed up late, he'd impale them on a stake in the marketplace at noon. This gave him more power than ever.

Not only did he have control over space by drawing up boundaries, he also had control over time by dividing it into intervals.

The Cosmic Mind gasped in horror. This creation was getting entirely out of hand. These creatures were coming up with things that it had never intended in the first place. They were using their brains to invent things that were unreal and then making them real by acting as though they were. What was going to come of this?

Fascinated, the Cosmic Mind dreams on within Its Creation.

THE JOKERS IN THE DECK

The Laughing Jackals were a bunch of weirdos. They liked to wear strange masks of creatures not of this world at all. They would leap around the bonfire and howl and yip at the crazy moon. They acquired all their food by playing tricks on the animals, putting holes in the ground, covering them up, and putting food over them.

The other tribes couldn't handle them. The Laughing Jackals would go over and make bizarre sounds in the bushes and keep them up all night. It was impossible to kill them or track them; they had such superior camouflage with the bushes and they could cover their tracks to perfection. They could wear the feet of animals. The Laughing Jackals were a clever bunch indeed, and myths arose from them passed down from one generation to the next.

One day, the Laughing Jackals decided to do a raid on the Civilization of the South River. These people were a favorite target of theirs, since they were so organized and serious, two qualities the Laughing Jackals abhorred greatly, since they worshipped the Goddess of Chaos.

At night, they snuck in when all the city was asleep. They hit the guards with their blowguns filled with potions from their sacred plants that would put them in a doze and give them frightful hallucinations. They found the sundials and pointed them the wrong way so they wouldn't give the right time anymore. They revised the king's cherished boundaries so it was smaller than before. They threw sewage on top of their altars constructed to worship Perfect Order in the Universe. They put a potion in the city water that would make the people disorganized and crazy for a couple of days. While they were at it, they helped themselves to a few bags of the king's store of corn and sang songs to his concubines to charm them away.

Snickering loudly under the lunacy of the moon, they snuck back to their base camp (location unknown and ever-changing). It was quite a productive night in their general pogrom against productivity.

The Force of Chaos laughed loudly at this development, causing tidal waves to burst forth, distant galaxies to explode, volcanoes to rumble.

"Yes, yes, this is perfectly imperfect! I will have a body of sentient beings who serve my Will in every way. I will possess them when they feel the urge to destroy, to tear down that which has been created, to defy all culture and invention. Truly, this universe is a manifestation of my gratification!"

The Force of Order said nothing. It has plans of its own. These growing civilizations show a little bit of promise. Let us develop that a little further.

THE NOOSPHERE GROWS STEADILY ONWARDS

The civilizations grew bigger and bigger, like some kind of rapidly reproducing protoplasm out of control. Little temples became bigger temples. Bigger temples became pyramids and giant statues which took generations to construct. Little city states that only covered a few square miles began to cover large masses of land, hundreds of square miles in size. Inventions became more and more elaborate.

The priests became mathematician-metaphysicians. At first, they drew squares and triangles and circles in the sand. They attempted to combine these patterns in various ways. Why they were so obsessed with such patterns, they could not begin to understand, they just seemed appealing for some mysterious reason. They drew these patterns on papyrus paper with ink and carved them in the walls of their temples. They measured the various relations between the different shapes and discovered stable patterns in these relationships. They felt they were onto something important, though precisely what it was, they could not say.

They got the idea that whoever or whatever created this universe must have had these patterns in mind, thus they tried to see some relationship in these patterns and the world around them. They would say such things as:

"We have five fingers on each hand and five toes on each foot, so the number five must be really important. It is thus evident that our hands are constructed according to the pattern of a pentagram. All together, our toes and fingers add up to twenty, so twenty must be the highest allowable number. But we have two hands and two feet and that adds up to four, so this indicates that the square is an important setting for the foundations of the universe."

On and on they would go like this, thinking up more numerical relationships, seeing them in the world at large. If the world didn't actually to have such perfect relationships, they would re-make the world around them fit their orderly conceptions.

This force-fitting of the world to fit concepts was to cause considerable agony and pain.

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THE GRAND ARCANUM: THE HALL OF MIRRORS

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THE HIGH PRIESTESS

Asirius enters the Divine Temple of the Crescent Moon. In his arms he carries a bag full of grain, his offering to the Goddess of Growth. His crops have not been coming up as well as usual this year and he must resort to desperate measures, if he is to feed his wife, his parents, her parents, and their seven children.

The entrance of the Temple is shaped like the entrance to a woman's womb and the inside is modeled accordingly, a long tunnel reaching into the interior. He walks into the egg shaped walls. One of the neophyte priestesses in training relieves him of his burden. Another takes him by the arm and guides him to the High Priestess of the Goddess of Growth.

She stands between two burning flames. She wears an elaborate headdress with a crescent moon atop it and a necklace embroidered with the symbol of the Goddess of Love and Fertility. Her body is covered with a diaphanous robe; her breasts and pubic hair are quite visible underneath.

He bows in submission to this woman, the most powerful one in the kingdom, for it is she who holds the Keys to the Essence of Life.

"What is it you seek, o you who have wandered far in your journey of life?"

"Oh you who commune with the Goddess of Love and Fertility, aid me! My harvest is low this year, my wife and children are starving, and I fear we will not survive the winter this year. In anguish, I come to you, for it is you who know how to speak to the roots of plants everywhere. It is you who can increase the fertility of the soil."

"Yes, I see your plight. But first you must assist me. Help me and I will help you. Together, we are stronger than we are separately."

"I have brought you a bag of grain from my dwindling stores. It is all I can spare."

"Yes, but that is not enough. To make the sacrifice complete, I must have something else."

"But what more could you want? I have given you what we can. Otherwise we will surely starve."

"You must disrobe to make the sacrifice."

Asirius removes his robe. She exposes her physical beauty and lets her gown fall to the altar.

"To make the sacrifice complete, you must possess me here on this altar. In return, I will possess you." She lies down and exposes her womb towards him. "Come, o you who have suffered in your journey of life, fill me with your seed, fertilize me and I will grant you fertility."

Between the burning pyres, Asirius makes long and gentle love to her. He suckles at her pointed nipples, takes long laps at the entrance to her womb, and inserts his pulsating seed-bearer deep within her. Her cries of passion echo throughout the womb of the Temple.

The sacrifice of joy and pleasure is complete. She sends him back to his home. The next day, his crops grow firm and tall, and there is plenty to harvest for all of his family.

THE IMPARTATION OF WISDOM

The shaman takes his disciple up to the mountain on the high rocks where the currents of energy flow strong from the four directions. They sit still in silence immersed in this flow of energy gazing at the curvature of the wide earth all around.

The shaman gazes intently into the eyes of his disciple until a state of communication is reached. In this state, there is no need to speak. An energy transference takes place between them that substitutes for spoken words. The disciple can interpret the message of the shaman within:

"This world that ordinary people take for solid is not what it appears. It can be likened to a kind of dream which seems utterly real at the time, but it is not.

"When you achieve this level of perception that I have now guided you into, you can see quite clearly that it is a kind of energy like that which comes from the sun which gives life to all beings on this planet. It is constantly shifting around like the flow of water, like the motion of life.

"If you were to go to an even higher level than this, you would see that the energy is guided by the images we have in our minds. If you experimented with this connection, you would see that by forming certain images, you could control the energy which in turn manifests as solid things in the ordinary world. With this knowledge, you would have quite a lot of power.

"This power can be used for good or ill. You could conjure up beneficial images to assist people who request it, or you could cause harm to those you consider to be your enemies. For this reason, we are very careful about who we allow to rise to the next world up. You must have immaculate ethical values to be capable of handling this power. If you should use this power for greed or violence, the repercussions will return back to you ten-fold.

"On this level, you can see clearly how all-pervading this basic energy of the universe is. It is in us, in the animals, in the plants, in the stones and mountains, in the sun, in the water, in the air we breathe. It extends infinitely in all directions. It is truly wondrous to experience this."

As they came back down the mountain, the disciple gazed at all about him, perceiving the Great Force within all. Life would never be the same for him again.

THE FALL OF THE TOWER

On the great mountainous continent, Atlanteous, the people grow proud and free. They grow crops on fertile lands, and there is plenty of food for everyone. Large pyramidal temples line up along the shores of the river valleys. Musicians play and sing beautiful lyrical poetry in homage to the Goddesses and Gods who created the world around them.

They love to play with magical crystals and they discover from these crystals, they can wield great power. They can make people love and they can make people hate. They can affect animals so they willingly do work for them, and they can make the animals that were their enemies lie in peace with them. They can control the growth of plants, making the desired ones grow larger and the undesired ones die out. Verily, they can control all of nature around them. They can re-create the world as though they were the Goddesses and Gods themselves.

They are entranced with the power they have, and who can blame them? For so long, they have been the victims of the natural forces, and now they have absolute control over the natural forces.

They become jealous of one another and attempt to outdo one another with the largest and most powerful crystal. They dig deeply into the bowels of the earth, using the crystals they already have, in search of the most powerful crystal on earth. For whoever has this crystal will be the one who shall rule the earth.

However, the natural forces they attempt to control have a will of their own, for they will to become sentient themselves. Who are these humans who attempt to control them? The natural forces are becoming exceedingly angry with these indolent humans.

The people of Atlanteous sing and revel in their glory, but they do not notice the changes in the world around them. They take from the earth, but they do not give anything back. Their population grows and they must rely on more elaborate methods to feed, clothe, and shelter all of themselves.

Year by year, tidal waves lash out against the shores from powerful forces released by the crystals. The earth rumbles and lava pours out from long-dormant volcanoes, the result of so much mining. Strange snowstorms blow in from the north in the midst of summer's wrath and calm. But the people do not notice this, except a few prophets who foretell ill tidings from these signs, but they are considered to be mad.

When it is too late to turn back, the lands of Atlanteous sink into the oceans. In vain, the people try to use their crystals to save themselves, but it is like struggling in quicksand. And Atlanteous becomes a mere fable of what was.

All over the earth, there are massive changes. Land masses break apart, mountain chains rise from plains, rains fall for days and days creating great floods, and glaciers slither in from the northern wastes.

And those who had foreseen the Fall of Atlanteous, get into their ships and sail towards the four corners of the wide earth. And it is from their progeny, that the human species tenaciously makes another try to evolve.



The High Empress sits upon her throne, contemplating her realm. She has just been well satisfied by one of her slave men; how skilled was his tongue into the recesses of her womb! She shivers at the memory. He was a slave captured among the soldiers of the Time-Keepers to the south, who are always making war upon the Earth Women.

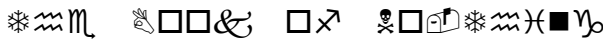
"The Time-Keepers of the south are going too far. Word has come to us that they have invented a series of gears which are turned by the flowing of water which show a display which they call 'Time', that infernal concept of theirs. Now their people must perform all their daily activities according to this device. Their servants pound on loud bells to wake people up, to tell them when they must break their fast, to tell them when to go to work in their fields, to tell them when to worship, and when to go pay obeisance to their King.

I have heard it said that they are telling themselves that men are the superior sex and it is their right to enslave women for their twisted purposes. They have even started to forbid worship of the goddesses, asserting that they and our gender are the cause of all pain in this world, and only worship their he-men. And yet it is we who are the bearers of life!

We will not stand for this! As much as it goes against our ways of peace and nonaggression, we will strike back at these attempts.

Our way has been here with the creation of the earth. Their way is false; their way is slavery to illusions they themselves have invented. The Way of the Timeless Earth shall persist from eternity to eternity.

The scribe walked away to recopy the notes, her footsteps echoing in the chamber of the labyrinth. The Empress of the Earth Women gazed sadly at the crescent moon over sweet Aphrodite setting in the west. Hard times were about to come to humankind, and especially for women. The Path would not be easy for those to come in generations ahead.



THE LAUGHING JACKALS STRIKE BACK

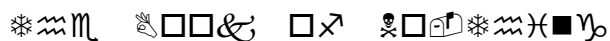
The Laughing Jackals, painted in their horror masks and playing maddening notes on their infernal flutes, raided the City of the Time-Keepers. The guards fell asleep, hearing their weird music, having troubled dreams. They studied the clock, then figured out something: if they could make the water run the other way, they would make the clock run backwards! This they set out to do, by re-routing the water. By dawn, they were finished. Chuckling in glee, they merrily hid behind rocks, spying upon the results of their labor.

The bell rang as usual for getting up. The people yawned and rubbed sleep out of their eyes, wondering what's for breakfast. But the clock did not ring for breakfast; instead it rang for bedtime. They obligingly went back to sleep, as the sun rose. Then the clock rang for evening prayers. They chanted their song of worship to the setting sun as the sun rose midway into the sky.

The King paced around in sheer rage, tearing out his hair. Why wasn't anyone working? What was everyone doing going to sleep in the morning? And now they're chanting their evening prayers! Wasn't his marvelous invention, Time, doing any good? The sage-inventors said this Clock would work wonders.

He was going to be torturing a lot of people for this.

The Laughing Jackals covered their mouths in mirth, trying not to burst out laughing aloud. Boy, this City of Time sure was fun to play tricks on.



THE INVENTION OF MONOTHEISM

From the Lost Scrolls of the Magus of Atlanteous:

"Ah, verily, the people of this great continent have lost their minds! They value pieces of metal which they use for exchanging goods among themselves more than the goods themselves. They hoard piles of mere pieces of metal and call themselves 'rich'. Those who do not have these pieces of metal are considered to be inferior to those who have piles of them. Those who have no pieces of metal must work harder than those who do. Is this not madness?

"The people worship a god they call 'Yawa'. Yawa is a big man in the sky who they maintain is the creator of the earth and the universe. He is an old ill-tempered man and hurls lightening bolts at those who displease him and do not worship him. He favors men over women, thus these worshippers feel justified in the slavery of women. In fact, they are spreading a story around that it was the first woman created by Yawa who brought all the pain into this world.

"They continue to play around with the powers that the crystals bring them. They mine the mountains for rare metals which they convert into pieces of metal for themselves. And now nobody works or tends the lands. They all sit upon their piles of metal and call themselves 'rich'. But there is no grain to eat and no sheep for wool. What good are their piles of metal if there is nothing to exchange for them? But they are blind to their own folly.

"And now there is an imbalance in the very bowels of the earth itself. She continues to shake and shudder, as if to get rid of these madmen who tear apart her skin. Tidal waves hurl themselves upon our cities and storms destroy our crops. There are countless deaths. The Yawa-worshippers believe it is their god's anger and continue to try to convert the nonbelievers.

"I can only foresee the end of Atlanteous from this mass madness. That is inevitable. All we can hope for now is that at least a few of our kind will survive and go to other parts of the world. And that they will tell the tale of the fate which has befallen Atlanteous and the reasons why. Surely if humankind survives this mess, future generations will learn lessons from our example not to make the same mistakes.

"The Temple is toppling down! It is another earthquake! The followers of Yawa are coming in here with spears! What..."

(The manuscript is torn off here.)

(Chaos slides a bishop over. There is a clear diagonal line between it and Order's king. Chaos smiles sardonically and makes the move in a zig-zag manner. He chuckles and says:

"Check.")



The Oracle covered with writhing snakes beneath the high noon sun gazes blindly at the audience awaiting her latest visions of what is to come. All morning, she has been vomiting from the sacred poisons they have given her. The night before, she has communed with the celestial spirits in the open observatory, penetrating the Veil of the Unknown.

"In a distant future far beyond what we can comprehend, there is an entirely different kind of people. They have wondrous inventions which give them god-like powers.

"Indeed, they shall be able to fly to the moon and the planets in such chariots, and they shall build cities on distant worlds.

"They shall travel on roads paved with solid tar in chariots of metal that magically run without the use of horses - and how much fast they run, galloping up steep hills many times faster than a horse. My, how noisy and smelly these chariots are!

"They shall have metal boxes that act as scribes for them; they simply speak into them and the boxes do their bidding. These boxes act as mathematicians for them, and enable them to plan their strategies in business and war. The boxes will also act as entertainment for them, providing them with song and drama far more lifelike than on stage.

At this point, she fainted.

The people walk away, shaking their collective heads, shrugging their collective shoulders. The attendants must have given her too much of that sacred poison. It appears that a demon possessed her and it spake naught but gibberish through her. Perhaps it was time to sacrifice her to the lions and get a fresh Oracle, one that will tell them more accurate prophecies of issues more immediate.

THE PATRIARCHY VS. THE MATRIARCHY

The soldier from the Time-Keepers is hacking his way into the lines of the Earth Woman who attempt to defend what is left of their world. He has a long blade and he cuts right and left. He gets a sense of satisfaction from the blood he raises, like a tradesman glorying in a job well done. He must obey his commands like a good boy, and besides, these primitives who glory in their femininity and do not keep time must be kept down. Someone has to show them their place.

He cannot understand why they do not bother to defend themselves as well as one might expect. They simply gaze at him and his fellow soldiers in shock, as though they cannot believe someone would choose to make war on them.

He is about to strike one woman and her child down, when she suddenly asks him:

"Tell me, why are you doing this? What is it we did to you that you should treat us this way? Is your honor so important that you would slaughter innocent women and children? Is that honorable?"

He pauses. Indeed, these are valid questions, but the problem is, he can't think. He is a Time-Keeper; this is what he is told to do. He is only following orders.

He resumes his activities and strikes this impudent primitive down. Civilization must roll on. The Time-Keepers must conquer the world. Then everyone will synchronize their activities to the same clock.

Another woman is a bit more clever. Saying nothing, she simply takes off her robe and shows him her Slit of Sinn. Sinn is the Moon Goddess the Earth Women worship.

"If I am alive, this is worth much to you. If I am dead, this is worth nothing to you. Which would you prefer to merge your seed with, a living breathing woman with a lively womb, or a stiff corpse with a cold hole?"

He thought about that one. Ah, to Hades with the stupid orders! He put down his sword and joined the tribe of the Earth Women.

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF ENLIGHTENMENT

There is a prince who is simply not satisfied with anything. He has been given everything a human primate could possibly need and yet he is not satisfied. He can have any woman he wants who will do anything he wants and he is not satisfied. He has tried all kinds of earthly delights, all kinds of unusual and exotic drugs, but none of this leaves him feeling satisfied.

This feeling of dissatisfaction lies deep within him, throughout all of his activities. There is a counselor, old and wise, whom he visits, seeking advice as to why he is so dissatisfied all the time. "It is but the fruit of your previous actions in lifetimes prior to this. You have experienced poverty and now you must experience the satiety of having more than enough." Somehow this answer does not satisfy him.

He observes this is actually true of all people around him. Everybody he sees going hither and thither, dissatisfied with whatever lot they have in life. His father, for example, is never satisfied with the size of his kingdom, so he's always conniving how he can add more to it. His mother is never satisfied with her beauty and is always looking for ways to improve it. The poor man would do anything just for a slice of bread. The one who loves the taste and effect of wine would do anything for his next bottle. The man who compares himself to the bull who mounts all the cows in the field is always looking for another woman to plunge his seed into.

He leaves his family behind and decides to join a bunch of renunciants. Perhaps that is the way to do it. Here's some people who have given up the world and live on practically nothing. They have some elaborate breathing exercises and they can contort their bodies into all kinds of uncomfortable positions. Perhaps if he does what they do for long enough, he'll finally get over this nagging dissatisfaction that is dragging him down.

After awhile of hanging out with these people, he begins to notice a very weird thing: These people are dissatisfied, too. They keep trying to outdo one another to see who can give up the most, who can do the most uncomfortable possible thing. No, this just wasn't working out.

He's going to have to do this on his own. He goes out into the primitive wilds and decides to sit under a tree. He resolves he's going to simply sit here in this one spot and not move until he can get at the root of his dissatisfaction.

So he huffs and puffs and groans. He reviews his whole life and how nothing ever gave him any satisfaction. Whenever he just did what he felt like doing, he always was left wanting more of it.

He starts to get these funny flashes of other human existences he may have gone through. Odd images flash through his mind: being a warrior, being some kind of earth woman, being a prostitute, being a craftsman, being a computer operator, being a Kamikaze pilot in the South Pacific, inhabiting a city on Mars, mixing a batch of chemicals and chanting over them, etc., etc.

He even gets flashes of what it's like to be a tree, a toenail, a worm, a fish, a flower, a bird, a star. It's all there, all he had to do was tune into it.

He becomes the first atom forming out of the three basic forces, then knows that the whole universe is made out of this primordial substance which is simultaneously emptiness and infinite variety of forms.

But then he finally goes far back enough to see that this whole universe is founded upon dissatisfaction. The Cosmic Mind was dissatisfied with the idea that there was only a Void, so this universe comes into being as a result.

It goes all around in a vast circle endlessly. The only thing to do is to accept it as it is, neither rejecting it nor identifying with it. He gets an idea. Why not simply be satisfied with the dissatisfaction? So he goes into that. Yes, this is a satisfactory conclusion.

Perhaps there is a middle way. One can pass at ease through the world without trying to grasp it or possess it. Simply experience it as it is.

He looks around and concludes that this world is marvelously imperfect. He is the urge that led to the formation of this wonderful world, therefore he is the world, and so is everybody else.

He gets up from the tree. It is time to move on. He attempts to tell everyone he meets about his revelation, but no one knows what he is talking about because they're too involved in their own activities. They usually take him for one of those people talking about renouncing the world and that's how his teachings get passed down, distorted as usual.

As his teachings get passed down, he becomes revered as a god, though he is merely a man who sincerely sought for an answer and found it deep within.



Meanwhile, on another side of this planet of sapient primates, another man observes the people around him. He feels a sense that something is not right, things could be improved. He cannot understand why there is always war and strife. Why can't people just get along and live in peace and harmony?

He sees a vision of how the cosmos was created by the Original Mind. He sees the way out is the way within. He sees a profound energy that pervades all that is, and by becoming one with this energy, one can become immortal.

He goes among the simple less sophisticated people and speaks in parables. He knows that the more educated ones will reject his teachings outright. To further convince them, he uses the all pervading energy to heal the sick, make the blind see, raise the dead.

He teaches the path of love. He tries to convince them that if they could only love and forgive one another with the same caring as they regard for themselves, they would enter the Kingdom of Heaven. To his inner circle of disciples, he reveals to them that this is the way to achieve a profound state of cosmic consciousness.

The authority figures, the titans of the empire (who incidentally are directed descended from the Time-Keepers of thousands of years ago), do not like what this man is saying at all. Their entire economic/political system thrived on fear and hate. If people started loving each other, they would have no incentive to pay heed to the dictates of the empire. What if they wanted to have a war to conquer more countries and everybody were pacifists because of this man's teachings? No, this could not be!

They decide to have him exterminated. They cleverly plot it so that it appears to be the will of the common culture, so no one would blame it on them and revolt. The mob screams for him to be crucified, another form of sadism that the sapient primates thrill in.

He knew this would happen sooner or later. He weeps as nails are driven through his hands. What machines these people are! They are like ants going hither and thither with no minds of their own, just following the will of the empire. When would they evolve?

He tried, as others have tried and others will continue to try, to raise their consciousness to the next level. He looks out over the aghast crowd, shaking his head in despair.

Waves of pain come over him as he looks into the future of what will be. He sees wars being carried out in his name. He sees how the religion based on him will have nothing at all to do with his original teachings; instead of love, they will preach intolerance of all non-believers, going so far as to torture them or put them in jail. His religion will be used as a means of control and the empire itself will be the first to take advantage of it. Oh, the horror of it all, when will it all end?

"O Source of All, forgive them, for they do not know what they do!" he screams in agony.

But he sees even beyond that. He knows that they will inevitably evolve, as spring follows winter. The humans will become awakened to their own madness and it will become

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inconceivable to them to continue with their folly. War will be a thing of the past and no longer will boundaries separate people. People will live in love and harmony, spontaneously becoming what he has been trying to tell them.

A beatific smile crosses his face and he sighs in happiness. "It is done," he whispers. He becomes one with the all-pervading energy.

THE DOGMATIC CON-ARTIST

"You will all surely go to Hell!" screams the minister several hundred years after the original martyr's sacrifice. "You must behave yourselves and follow the Law of the Lord! That is the only way you can be saved!"

A young man and woman sit in the back of the congregation. He has his hand up her dress, exploring what is there quite eagerly.

"If you continue to act like the beasts of the fields, there is no way you can be saved! You must come within the folds of the Church, like a sheep who returns to the flock of the Good Shepard who takes care of us. Otherwise, you will be consumed by the wolves of lust, of greed, of worldly power!"

The young woman wriggles her thighs excitedly at the actions of the young man's hand. She has her hand on his thigh, creeping up towards the throbbing erection under his pants.

"We must align ourselves with the Pope and the King who has Divine Authority to carry out the Will of the Lord in our brief sojourn on this earthly plane. We must continue to conquer the primitive peoples who have no conscience but follow the temptations of the Devil. For the sake of their souls, we must forcibly convert them."

The couple squirms in growing excitement, breathing harder, taking care not to cry out in their passion. What a thrill it is to do this wonderful thing in the very place where it is most forbidden. They will finish their mating in a distant hayfield after the Church service is over.

As the plate is passed around for contributions, a certain person who is secretly an Alchemist drops a few farthings in, just for appearances. If he did not do this, he would be identified as a Devil worshipper and burned at the stake.

This Church consists of a bunch of wolves in sheep's clothing, he remarks wryly to himself, ready to prey on the innocent and unwary, making people feel guilty for natural desires, terrifying them into their fold so they will not go to some mythical "hell", using this fear to have uttermost power over them.

But they cannot take away what is within him and a few others, the power of inward Transformation.

MASS DEATH

Alas, it is the time of the Plague. Everywhere bodies are being burned in piles. Extremists from the Church are predicting the End of the World as the millennium approaches. No one is around to work the fields and there is famine as well. Huge sores grow on bodies. They scratch and scratch and there is no relief from the pain and itching. People are faint from fever.

The Plague observes no status. The king is as likely to get it as the lowly peasant. The screaming minister is as likely to get it as the most exuberant sinners. The rich man with all his gold can never buy exemption from this misery. The military commander with all the battalions at his command will never be able to fight it off. No magician can wish it away with all the invocations in the book.

The mangled disfigured grave digger grins toothlessly. What a boon to business for him. Eagerly he grabs body after body, and dumps it in his wagon. They will pay him anything to cart the damned things away. Somehow, he got the Plague and managed to survive. Perhaps it is because he is exposed to so much of it.

The grave digger sees a certain perverse beauty in the phenomena of Death. The sores and the rotting smell represent a masterpiece of glory to him. Perhaps it is because he has gone insane like everybody else; the Plague does have a deleterious effect on the perceptual system.

The grave digger delights in watching the bodies rot away in the soil and more of them keep coming every day. They become transformed into dirt as the snows of winter drift in from the cruel north. The grave digger lies beside the bodies in ecstasy and, weeping with joyous pain, slowly becomes frozen to death.

By the arrival of sweet spring, the Plague has subsided. Flowers grow from the earth that contained the bodies.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE

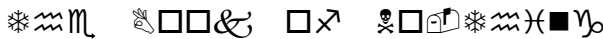
The wandering gypsies do magic tricks and tell fortunes for a living. They are descendants of the Laughing Jackals. They travel from village to village in their horse-drawn mobile homes. They play strange and wild poignant music. It is quite unlike the hymns you hear in Church.

The gypsies use cards to tell fortunes for people. They are strange cards with pictures on them. They represent certain basic characters of archetypal importance. For example, there's a picture of somebody about to walk off a cliff wearing rather unconventional clothes who they call "The Fool". Or, there's a picture of a man being hanged they call "Sacrifice". There's a card of a skeleton in a cloak striking down people they call "Death". There's a picture of a wheel with funny hieroglyphics written upon it they call "The Wheel of Fortune".

These cards are called Tarot Cards. Many of them are represented in these slices of human history. Maybe you can get yourself a deck and attempt to figure out which scene is represented by which card. Don't be afraid. Take a walk down the Labyrinth of the Major Arcana. After all, it's what you've been doing all along. Sometimes you go up; sometimes you go down. One thing is for certain: you will certainly keep going round and round.

The cards are shuffled and the gypsy randomly whips out a card for a few farthings to the peasant who is eager to find out what his or her future holds. Ah, there's "The Lovers"; maybe I'll get married to that nice man from the next village who has been wooing me. Whoops, there's "Death"; I hope that doesn't mean myself or someone close to me. There's "The Tower"; does that mean all my hopes built up will come toppling down? There's "The Pope"; maybe I better go get religion. "The Devil"; does that mean I'm a worshipper of Lucifer on the side? The gypsy cleverly turns it around so that people only hear what they want to hear, which is what they do anyway; why shock them with the truth, that what they believe is real is all a big illusion.

And here is "The Wheel of Fortune".



THE HERETIC

"Burn her! Burn the Witch!"

The crowd screams hysterically, leading the middle-aged woman to the fate that has been carefully prepared for her. She was only doing her midnight ritual with the moon, dancing in a distant field with kindred invisible spirits. Someone who suspected her followed her and discovered her.

"She is Demon-Possessed! Burn this wicked cohort of the Devil!"

What harm was there in worshipping the moon, which her ancestors, the Earth Women, had been doing for thousands of years. Then this new male-dominated religion about a man crucified on a cross (undoubtedly distorted for their own purposes) came along and made her way of worship illegal. She and her kind has gone underground, as have the shrewd gypsies with their cards.

"Ah you who have lost touch with the turning of the seasons, the rhythms of the earth. You have lost the ability to love and forgive as your own savior has advocated. You are lost in the madness of your law and order."

"Burn this infidel!" scream the crowds, setting the torch to her pile of sticks. The flame blazes up in a glorious furor, causing her to shriek in agony. Skin melts away like stinking plastic.

"Repent!" screams the minister, holding his cross over her face. "Repent and come to heaven before it is too late! Do you wish to go to eternal hell?"

"Ah, good sir, but it is you who are in hell!" she manages to mutter between screams.

Her spirit drifts smokelike up into the vaults of heaven. At night, she will join her sisters in circle dances among the moonflowers.

THE EVOLUTION OF ANGELS

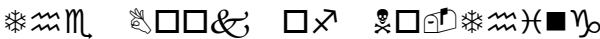
Meanwhile, there is a realm evolving far beyond the kin of earth-bound humans of angelic beings, who blissfully live in their own world. They look somewhat like children, caused by a certain retardation of development, yet they are the size of humans. They possess no genitals, so they do not know the pleasures of sexuality and do not understand it in humans. Human children understand them more readily than grown-up humans. They also have wings and like to fly around in the clouds, high above the material world. They are quite fond of music and love to play beautiful music on their harps. The more harmonious it is, the more they like it. They often spend hours slowly strumming the same harmonious chords. (J.S. Bach and New Age Musicians would get along fine with them.)

They are sexually neuter and have no knowledge at all about earthly pleasures. They have mouths to sing, but they do not eat; instead they live on energy generated by their harmonious chords. They have no sense of touch and taste at all. They see subtle colors and beings that we have no conception of. They hear harmonies within harmonies, the fundamentals of fundamentals, the Great Vibration of the Universe.

They communicate by playing/singing wordless music to one another, mainly to communicate their great happiness to be beyond the material realms and so free. Earthly musicians and mystics have heard them in their visions and dreams, and have been continuously inspired by them.

An angel wanders around so free and it creates wondrous masterpieces simply by pointing and directing them into existence. It points here and there appears a wonderful geometric flower with a scent so heavenly. It points somewhere else and there appears the multihued exotic Bird of Paradise.

Artists have seen the angels and their spontaneous creations in their trances praying the Muse for some inspiration. Based on one such vision, some artists have spent their entire lives attempting a frustrating process to recreate it in earthly form.



AND NOW A WORD ABOUT DEMONS...

Demons are grotesque beings generated by the cruel and negative emotions of humans. They feed on lust and greed. They promote violence and cruelty. They love suffering in all forms and go out of their way to accentuate it. They enjoy melancholy and encourage those who are depressed to turn to drink and drugs, to ruin their lives with abuse and slow death. They encourage the acquisition of power and fascination with it.

They are utterly opposite to angels in every way. They have grossly distorted features, resembling the bestial in every way. They have huge devil dicks and slimy slits with massively bulging breasts. Often they are hermaphroditic and compulsively keep fucking themselves. In any case, they can't get enough of sex which they combine with unusually cruel forms of sadistic torture. They appear infinitely aged and wrinkled like old toads. They smell horrible and constantly fart volcanic fire from their assholes.

They love to capture the innocent and make them over into converts to dark feelings. They like to distort what is natural into something grotesquely exaggerated and compulsive. They thrive on guilt, attracted to this particular emotion like flies to shit. They love to rape pretty young girls and turn them into uttermost sluts who can't get enough of fucking. They love to make a nonviolent person into a cruel warrior who loves to tear people from limb to limb, especially defenseless women and children. They love to make a nation pledge allegiance to some mad tyrant entreating them to destroy as many people unlike them as possible.

They entertain themselves with huge goblets of strong liquor and play utterly atonal and jarring anti-music with bones and tendons of their victims. They boom-boom explosively, echoing in the corridors of hell, on massive drums made with human skin.

They are horrible and nasty and ghastly...

If people could only cease to have negative emotions...

They would fade away...

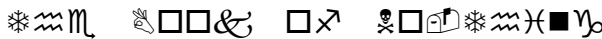
Like distant smoke dispersing from a dying fire.



"I am what I am," says he. "And I see what I see. Because I am the lowliest of the low, I am part of all that is. Because I have no home, all of the world is my home."



Though they treat her with disrespect, she knows she has one thing they do not have – She has the power of love.



THE CYCLE

The Indians stand high upon a distant mountain watching the approach of the white ones. They arrive in their covered wagons and bring soldiers who bear explosive weapons with them. They see the gradual transformation to their land. The white ones cut down all the trees and put their crops in. They string up wires on poles for their source of power. They have loud machines and tear apart the mountains for metals to maintain their way of life.

"They have no respect for the land they take over. They destroy it and leave nothing behind." says one of the Indians.

"Yes," says another. "This has been prophesized long ago by a great shaman. What has been will return, it is the way of the Cycle of the Spirit."

"Indeed, this is like the legend of ancient Atlan, where men once destroyed the land beneath them in their greed for the magical crystals."

"We will fight this until the bitter end, but I fear the worst. What has been will return. Where winter has been, winter will return."

"Yes, but the snows of winter are followed by the gladness of spring," replies another.

Solemnly, they all smile, knowing that there is something which can never be conquered - and that is the Spirit of All.

LOSS

The man has just lost his job at the mines. All streaked with coal dust is he and his clothes are soaked with the sweat of his labors to make the earth bear coal to burn the engines that would turn the great wheels of industrial civilization.

When he punched out that day after twelve grueling hours choking and gasping in the subterranean pits of hell, the foremen called him and his crew into the office. They were promptly informed that they would all be laid off. The coals of that vein were mined and they were no longer needed.

What would they do?, they demanded of the foreman. They have wives, numerous dirty ragged children to feed. Without jobs, they would all starve.

"Well, that's your problem, not ours", noted the unsympathetic foreman, chewing on his unlit cigar. "Go on, get out of here," he screamed at the workers still hanging around in a state of shock, "we don't need you anymore."

They were undoubtedly being laid off because of their attempts to form a union. This was where their progressive actions were leading them.

The man lies on his bed, weeping in despair. His wife holds him and strokes him. She comforts him and makes love to him. She assures him that there is some way they will survive. Perhaps they can go back to farming. They can pull through somehow.

She knows how to deal with his emotional nature. She has patience and faith in the basic goodness of life.

Up and down, up and down, round and round we go. Somehow we all got lost in the midst of this and how in the world shall we ever find our way out of this mess that is the universe?

Stay tuned and see.

THE MADNESS OF THE NOOSPHERE

The hum of machinery ever churns in the depths of the underground laboratory. Two scientists, in search of the ultimate composition of the matter-energy that makes up the universe are gazing fascinated into the bubble-chamber, where particles magically collide. They avidly scribble notes into their hand computers, referring to calculations to compare them with what actually happens. The ultimate nature of matter seems to elude them; they simply cannot come up with an elegant formula to explain it all.

Then, to baffle them even further, for split-milliseconds, particles appear out of nowhere, then just as quickly disappear. Their calculations did not predict this at all.

(The Divine Trickster, Chaos, is having tremendous fun with this.)

"This is incredible!" remarks one scientist, his huge glasses about to fall off the end of his nose.

"It is as though something were literally coming out of no-thing!"

"It is utterly inconceivable!"

The scientists are nervously chewing on the ends of their pens over this. How were they going to explain this to the military-industrial complex funding them?

"Well," finally concedes one scientist, "I guess this proves that space is not as empty as we once imagined. Perhaps space is actually a kind of potential energy state, waiting for the proper conditions to consolidate into matter." (Yes! You're hot on the trail, mister.)

"Hmmm," says a more pragmatically minded gentleman in the corner. "If we could figure out how to do that, we could tap sheer space for resources." (Danger! Abandon hope all who enter this domain!)

THE TOWER BLOWS AWAY

The midnight strikes on the new millennium. Primatekind is on the verge of a New Age, or a Dark Age, depending upon their collective internal state.

Like the light of a thousand suns, everything flares up at once in a lovely blaze of radiation.

A great wind bursts outward from the center of the vast explosion, toppling over all the tall buildings of the Great City as though a giant were knocking over mere children's blocks.

Millions of megatons of energy explode continuously, destroying in an instant the work of hundreds of years of construction.

Meanwhile, the people on the topmost floor of the highest skyscraper are having quite a party. They are very important executives and entertainers who control the mass consciousness of the low denominator culture. They are celebrating their successful dominance of all who suffer below them.

Anything goes here. Some are high on cocaine, some have been smoking a psychotropic herb in huge pipes being passed around, some have partaken of the L.S.D.-laced punchbowl in the center of the table, and others are quite inebriated on the more conventional cocktails and cigarettes being stubbed out in piles on the tables and rugs. Many of them have lost control and are starting to do things like kick down the doors, rip valuable paintings off the walls, and smash the television sets in. Many claiming to have no idea what they are doing, are grinding their watches with their executive shoes on the floor.

Someone is wandering up and down the halls, banging his head against the walls. He is a major book publisher editor. The tabloids would make front page news out of this.

"Mama," he keeps whining in desperation. "I want my mama. I wanna suck on my mama's big titties."

Someone laughs out loud in the next room, which is the sex room where there are elaborate chains for assuming various unnatural positions. A movie producer is screwing his star actress.

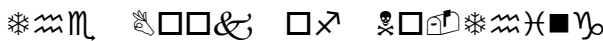
A major stock market broker is jerking off in front of the body sized bathroom mirror. As soon as his come hits the mirror, he jumps into the mirror as though trying to embrace himself. The mirror shatters into multitudes of multicolored fragments mixed with brilliant blood for the hidden vampires who feed on such degradation.

Loud bestseller rock music is blasting from the giant speakers (produced by many who attend this party), and people are blatantly tearing off one another's clothes and proceeding to tease anonymous sexual organs into arousal and penetration.

As for the bigger explosion, a party of subatomic particles also going out of hand, they never knew what hit them.



The poem is not published in his lifetime, but afterwards it is found among his notes and then published. It is revered by millions for centuries.



THE YRRGS

On a certain planet in a stellar system with a bright silver-blue star in its center live the Yrrgs. The Yrrgs are quite repulsive creatures covered with lots of warts. They have bad breath and a series of huge bloodshot eyes circle the center of their bodies where their brains happen to be. Their language sounds like a complicated semaphore of farts. They reproduce by getting together in three sexes, exchange genetic material, and then split apart leaving an egg to fend for itself. Several tentacles reach out, growing as needed, with which they are able to construct things. When they need to "eat", they grow roots into fertile soil and sunbathe, producing food by a kind of photosynthesis.

They have no interest in constructing things for survival, because once hatched, they are practically immortal, having a kind of slow motion metabolism. They like to construct original works of art. All over the planet are elaborate sculptures. To them, art is the necessity of their existence. There is no egotism involved in this; art is kind of like breathing for them. They just have to do it, that's all.

They also have musical orchestras which they are able to hear through their skin. They arrange scales by a series of microtonal vibrations. To human ears, it would sound like just one long note being played over and over again. They create subtle rhythms with the subharmonics within the single note.

They are philosophers. They spend years having a philosophical conversation about the origin of the universe. They strongly suspect that there is some kind of Cosmic Consciousness which led to the existence of this physical universe.

When they grow roots and feed on the energy of the Great Star above them, they withdraw into a state of “Yrrgoidia”, i.e., Union with the Cosmic Consciousness. This is their most pleasurable activity.

They know about the struggles of their neighbors, the human primates, on a planet by that yellow sun 8.6 light years away. They are able to send projections of themselves in ultradimensional realms to explore distant worlds. They have no interest in conquest of these worlds. They are merely curious. However, just for the fun of it, they may reveal themselves to primitive races to stimulate their evolution, for this is in line with the Cosmic Mind's intentions.

They wonder if the human species will make it. They do not understand why humans fight with one another so much; if they would only cooperate with one another, they could go so much further. They cannot understand why humans are so cruel to their own kind and other species. Such aggression is not native to them.

If there gets to be too many of them to share resources, some of them willingly sacrifice themselves to be made into fertile soil for the others. The sacrificed ones simply merge their consciousness back into that of those who survive. No big deal.

They study us and wait. They are hoping we will evolve to the point where we can communicate with them and evolve further.



The sun continues to provide life to all who will partake of what it has to offer.

SALVATION

The day has come where the human species has finally leaped to the next stage of evolution.

War and strife are things of the distant past. They have no interest in such things. It was simply a matter of modifying their genetic material. A certain malfunctioning chromosome was causing the whole problem. This changed their neurological structure so that excess adrenaline was no longer being manufactured, causing them all the various neuroses and psychoses they had before.

Incidentally, this also led to them no longer having such a tendency to rely on certain drugs to make them feel more relaxed; relaxation is now a state natural to them. Endorphins pulse through them all the time, putting them in a state that heroin addicts and alcoholics used to seek.

They are now rather calm and euphoric all the time. No longer do they feel compelled to outdo one another, to see who can have more power than another. The desire for power is foreign to them. They also have no interest in acquiring more and more material possessions. As long as they have a comfortable place to sleep and rest, enough nutrients to fill their stomachs with, and companions to spend time with, they are absolutely content.

Sex no longer interests them as much as it did to their ancestors. It is still a pleasurable activity and they love to do it, but they have no nagging compulsion for it all the time. When it comes along, fine; if they're not doing it, that's okay, too. There is none of the sexual jealousy that used to compel them before. People just freely exchange partners among one another. Relationships form and dissolve easily. Children born of unions simply belong to various groupings rather than a single set of parents.

Because their material needs are so minimal, there is no need to produce very much, so all work is part-time. People have plenty of leisure. They sit around and mellow out. They delight in the wonders of natural beauty. They are in a natural state of samadhi.

People like to create beautiful things and regard this as a major necessity. Everybody shares what they do and contribute what they can to the whole.

Some people like to study the world around them and do this simply out of curiosity. They are not interested in using what they've learned for power or domination.

Some like to explore the rest of the universe and report back to the home planet what they've discovered. They find that many sapient species out there (such as the Yrrgs on the Sirius system) are quite friendly if foreign, and are welcomed into a special Inter-Galactic Cooperative of sapient species. Other species they discover to be quite hostile and paranoid, whom they leave alone to evolve as they will.

It is basically a perfect kind of world. Everyone is happy and at peace. It is just the kind of world that everyone wanted all along. All they had to do was to simply reach out for it.

THE COSMIC MIND ACHIEVES ITS GOAL!

A sapient brain in a machine in a ship zipping along at incredible velocities is seeking for the Center of the Universe, the Original Explosion where it all began. It is the Primal Seeker.

The Seeker has been searching for a long time now, going from galaxy to galaxy, heading towards the Center. It spends long periods of time in suspended animation between galaxies, entertained by Reality Chips.

The Reality Chips are each the experience of a single lifetime of different sapient species on different planets. It accumulates such chips as it goes from galaxy to galaxy, planet to planet. It accumulates all experience in the universe. It plugs into a Reality Chip and forgets its original self as it experiences a certain lifetime from birth to death.

Lately it has been interested in human Reality Chips. It experiences itself as a conqueror, as a lover, as a savior, as a derelict, as a villain, as one primal character or another. It goes round and round in circles, a broken record skipping across the various experiences that are to be had on the planet earth (destroyed billions of years ago in its own stellar system). It just can't get enough. It is something to do on its long, long journey that had been going on for billions of years since its own stellar system blew out.

It is experiencing a marvelous lifetime of an alchemist seeking to design the Philosopher's Stone in a secret time when there were castles and popes attempting to condemn him for his efforts. Suddenly the experience is interrupted by the ship's automatic processors.

It comes to, momentarily disoriented to find out where it actually is.

There It Is! It is the Grand Center of the Universe the Seeker had been searching for all along! How long had It eluded the Seeker, and now It Is Here!


















The Seeker sets the ship's parameters to plunge into the Center. Millions of galaxies continue to be generated from the Center where it all began uncountable trillions of years ago. This is the fabled OM-point, the single point where restlessness took place to give birth to the entire Universe.

The Seeker hears a strange enchanting music all around. It is the Song of Creation being sung forever and ever.

The Seeker cannot wait. How brilliant It all Is! How awe-inspiring! It is so Intense! Nothing can describe It. This is the point where No-Thing becomes Every-thing!

The ship plunges right into the Heart of It All. As the Seeker finally finds the Ultimate Experience, dissolving away into No-Thing becoming Every-thing, the Seeker realizes:

"I AM ALL THAT IS!"

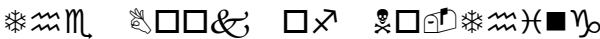


















THE NEVER-ENDING ENDING

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I. - The Magician

The Alchemist lives way up high in his tower.
His single light can be seen burning late into the night.
He is searching for the Secret of the Philosopher's Stone.
He seeks Infinite Power, Infinite Knowledge, & Infinite Immortality.
He cackles in glee as he shakes the test tube.

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II. - The High Priestess

The Seeress is up on a pedestal in an ancient time.

As she prophesizes what will be, they gather around & listen.

"They shall fly like birds," she predicts of a distant future.

"Their children shall see Visions of a Unified World."

"No disease shall be among them; they shall live forever."

"They shall leave the earth & go to the stars".

"They shall be as gods."



III. - The Empress

The Queen is pregnant.

She is sitting in her garden gazing at the butterflies taking nectar from the flowers.

She is female, but she wonders occasionally what it is like to be male.

She & the King have just made love in their private bedchambers a while ago...

Then parted to go their separate ways.

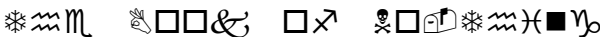
How bloated & tumescent was his throbbing sex as it penetrated her interior...

How weak & flaccid it was as soon as he had his pleasure.

Men have all the power & fun in this world, she thinks in scorn.

Yet, as she feels the growing embryo within her, she realizes she has the greater power.

She has the power of life.



IV. - The Emperor

The King sits way up high on his throne, looking out over his wide kingdom.

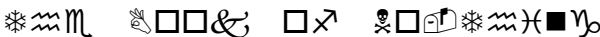
"They hate me," he realizes sadly, as he considers his subjects.

"They envy the power I have; they want to overthrow me."

"Yet do I not protect them from the enemy?" thinks his majesty in profound bitterness.

"Do I not keep law & order among their ranks?"

"The ingrates; I ought to have them all hanged."



V. - The Pope

"You shall all go to Hell!" screams the preacher from his pulpit.

"You are all sinners!"

"You were born in sin; you shall die in sin!"

"Unless you return to the fold, ask the Lord for forgiveness...

“& mend your ways according to the Letter of the Law which is in the Good Book...

"You are surely damned!"

Someone is sitting in the back row, listening to all this, thinking what a con-artist he is.

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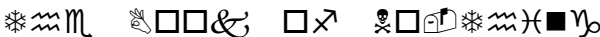
VI. - The Lovers

The lovers lie embracing one another in the fields.
They have just made like the beasts therein.
But they have no shame.
The sun is warm & the flowers smell so sweet.
"I love you," says he.
"I love you, too," says she.
They see one another as each other really is.
But it won't last.
It never does.

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VII. - The Conqueror

The Roman soldier hacks his way through the crowd, right & left.
They are Christians; the rebellion must be contained & thwarted...
All for the sake of Caesar, who rules far & wide.
They are weak, he thinks in contempt.
See how they refuse to defend themselves.
"I want you to know," says one of the Christians, just before the blade strikes....
"No matter what you do, God still loves you."
The Roman soldier pauses.
Now, what, by Jupiter, did he mean by that?
Then he goes on with the slaughter.



VIII. - Strength

He is angry & embittered at the way the world is treating him.

He has just been fired from his job today, after twenty years of faithful service.

He wants to strike out at someone.

They live in the poorhouse.

But she knows how to calm him.

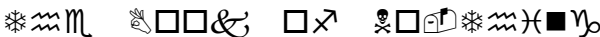
She strokes him & makes love to him, until his anger & bitterness is all gone.

She knows how to deal with his animal nature.

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IX. - The Hermit

The forest-dweller lives deep in the jungle.
Alone, he fasts & meditates & looks within.
He sees that all things are a part of himself.
He perceives the Unity of All Things.
He sees that he has discovered a profound truth.
He is not sure that any of the others will understand him.
But he must try; it is his duty to bear the Light, the Light of Consciousness.
It is in the Silence between the thoughts.
It is All There Is.



X. - The Wheel of Fortune

The sleazy huckster spins the ever-turning Wheel of Fortune.
He exhorts to all that pass by to gamble their lives & their souls for the Eternal Goal.
Sometimes you go up.
Sometimes you go down.
But if you're going to get anywhere, you've got to take the risk.
After all, that's what the Game of Evolution is all about.
Life is the Ultimate Gamble.

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XI. - Justice

The prostitute does not turn anybody away.
She accepts within her all men of all sizes & shapes, of all persuasions...
From all walks of life, rich & poor alike.
While they are within her, she looks into their souls.
She stares upward at the ceiling with her legs raised high.
Little do they know that their souls are on the scales.

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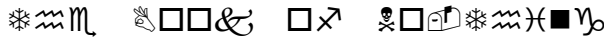
XII. - The Hanged Man (Sacrifice)

"I am the Way & the Light & the Truth," spake the Master to his disciples...
Before He was led away to be crucified.
They beseeched Him not to go, but the Sacrifice must go on.
While they were nailing Him to the cross, He shook His head sadly.
Whenever He comes, they never seem to understand.
When will they finally be ready?
"Father, forgive them, for they do not know what they do," spake He.
He looks out over the aghast crowd & weeps.
Meanwhile, a scribe is taking all this down, wondering what He really means.

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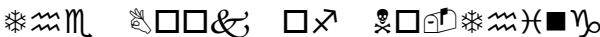
XIII. - Death.

It is the time of the Plague.
All must die, rich & poor alike, nobility & peasants alike, the faithful & sinners alike.
The bodies keep piling up & piling up.
The mangled, disfigured grave-digger grins toothlessly.
Business is really booming this year.



XIV. - Temperance (Harmony, Creativity, Synthesis)

The young girl runs barefoot along the summer stream.
The sun is rising behind the mountain.
She is so glad to be alive.
She points this way & a purple passion-flower appears.
She points that way & the multi-colored Bird of Paradise appears.



XV. - The Devil (Knowledge)

Two scientists are gazing into a bubble-chamber.

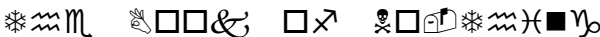
For a split-millisecond, particles appear out of nowhere, then just as quickly disappear.

"This is incredible!" remarks one scientist.

"It's as if something were literally coming out of nothing!"

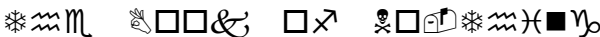
"Well," concedes the other scientist,

"This proves that space isn't all as empty as we once thought it was."



XVI. - The Tower

It is midnight.
Like the light of a thousand suns, everything flares up.
A great wind bursts outward from the center & topples over all the buildings...
Of the Great City as though they were merely children's toys.
Millions of megatons of energy are exploding...
Destroying in an instant the work of hundreds of years of construction.
The people on the topmost floor of the highest skyscraper were having a party.
They were high on cocaine, ripped on pot, soused out of their brains on alcohol...
Listening to loud rock music, & well into having an orgy.
They never knew what hit them.



XVIII. - The Moon (Alienation, Desolation, Mechanization)

It is a city populated entirely by machines.

It is three o' clock in the morning on July 23, 2723.

The half-moon, a dead world like this one, is shining high above.

There are no wolves to howl at it this time.

They died out long ago.

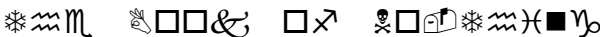
The machines continue to work three shifts a day, doing amazing calculations...

Churning out thousands & thousands of remarkable innovative products...

That other machines will automatically buy.

Human beings have been made obsolete hundreds of years ago.

They weren't efficient enough.



XIX. - The Sun (Innocence)

Two kids are playing in a sandbox, a boy-child & a girl-child.

Idly, as the day wears on, they build up elaborate sandcastles...

Then knock them down again.

The sun is blazing above at the zenith...

It gives out lots & lots of light, heat, & energy, as usual.

The boy-child asks a good question: "Say, I've been thinking about something:

"What do you suppose this whole thing is all about, anyway? Life, I mean."

The girl-child replies: "Oh, I don't know. I suppose we'll find out one way or another..."

"To just be, I guess."

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XX. - Resurrection

It is a new world.
Everybody lives with one another in perfect peace & harmony.
No one is afraid of one another anymore.
All problems are solved.
There is no more war.
There is no more hate.
There is no more death.
No one has to work anymore.
Now they can do whatever they want.
Everything is perfectly free.
There is plenty of everything for everybody.
People just sit around & mellow out.
It's just what everybody always wanted all along.
All they had to do was ask.

XXI. - The World (The Universe, All, & Everything)

The Seeker has been wandering for a long, long time now.
 He is seeking for the Center of the Universe...
 Where it all began billions & billions of years ago.
 He is a half-million years old.
 He is but a brain in a machine.
 He is in suspended animation most of the time.
 The ship wakes him up whenever there is something to see.
 Alone, he entertains himself with reality-tapes.
 He experiences all kinds of different worlds in all kinds of different bodies...
 In all kinds of different lifetimes.
 But he has seen it all.
 Now he searches for the Ultimate Experience...
 To see what no mortal has ever seen before.
 The coordinates are set for the Center of the Universe, the fabled OM-POINT...
 Where all mind, energy, & matter comes from the Other Side.
 At last, he is approaching his long-sought Goal.
 There It is.
 Thousands upon thousands of embryo galaxies are still being hurled outwards...
 From the Center towards the Edge of the Universe.
 How intense It is, how beautiful, how brilliant:
 It was well worth waiting for.
 The Seeker hears a strange, enchanting music...
 It is the Song of Creation.
 He sets the ship at top speed now; he can't wait.
 Like a moth plunging into the flame, the Seeker zooms right into the Center of It All.
 As everything he once was disappears back into the nothingness...
 Where it all originally came from, he suddenly realizes:

"I AM ALL THERE IS."

* * * * *

Thus the Cosmic Mind Wakes Up to realize that It Alone has been all the various Actors
 & Actresses in the Show of Its Very Own Creation. It was all a Construct, yet It seemed so real
 at the time.

It was certainly fun, dramatic, & utterly engrossing while it lasted.
 The Cosmic Mind proceeds to Dream another Universe.

* * * * *

The Cycle has no beginning. It has no end.

